TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The disgruntled man, whose one last melancholy pleasure it is to hold forth on the wretchedness of Canadians and the early ruin that awaits the country, will scarcely know where to hide his hatchet face during the holidays. He is forced to hide somewhere, for the whole Dominion, and nearly every person in it, rises up and gives him the lie. Everything and everybody mocks at him. If he looks in a shop window the magnificent picture of the house that Jack built towers large and splendid before him, while all around it are toys by the thousand, wheels revolving, wooden men kicking their little basswood heels in glee, and beautiful dolls blushing at their nakedness and frowning at so unsympathetic a spectator. In and out pour streams of purchasers, smiling in full-hearted satisfaction with everything under, on and above the earth. If the hatchet-faced man boards a street car to escape the distasteful good-nature of the pavements and the shops, he will no sooner get seated than a wax doll will poke its classic face from out the overcoat pocket of some fat old man and squeak at him defiantly; and across the car on the lap of someone's grandmother a rubber dog inside a yellow paper parcel will bark at him in treble tones, as though instinct warned it of his skin-flint presence. Almost everyone he meets is giving and getting presents as tokens of love and friendship, and where the desires of the heart find such practical expression the general condition of the people cannot very well be pronounced wretched.

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In Great Britain the turkey is a holiday bird and a decided luxury among the working classes, but here it is served up weekly during the winter months on the tables of successful mechanics. Without knowing anything about statistics on the subject, if any such have ever been compiled, I venture to state that no city on earth of Toronto's population eats more roast fowl and spends more money on toys and holiday gifts. The habits of Toronto people are also the habits of the people of Ontario generally. The sale of holiday goods is so great in some towns that new dealers are called into existence for the season alone, and the regular shopkeepers regard this particular fortnight as more important than three ordinary months of the year. Stockings will to-night be hung up in almost every house in the land, and there is something about our climate that makes Santa Claus open his big heart while in Canadian territory as he does nowhere else.

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There should be no commercial, value-for-value spirit in the giving of presents. This remark has often been made in print, but the tendency of many people is such that the warning against speculative giving cannot be too often uttered. One of the last paragraphs written by the late George William Curtis was a protest against poor people making excessive display at Christmas time, and he used Thackeray's Timminses as examples. It is very foolish for people to be so lavish now that they will require to pinch and be miserable all January and February. A person should put in such a Christmas that the fragrance of its pleasures and good deeds will scent the year with satisfaction and joy—not dot the year with due bills and maturing notes. It is born right in us to make this the brightest and best week of the year, and long may it run in the race! Too often, the holiday week is the only one in the year when the home is found attractive and fit to live in by boys and girls old enough to work out in offices and shops. The mother ceases her jawing and the father foregoes his growling—for which Providence be thanked, though it is only one week out of fifty-two.

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If there is to be a choice between prodigality and meanness—if people cannot really strike the beautiful medium—why, then, let them open their hands and their pockets and their hearts and be spendthrifts at Christmas time. It is a kindly vice and one that is forgivable. A person can grow out of it, and in all likelihood will grow out of it, soon enough. One has lots of opportunities to retrieve his lost balance, but if he is mean at a time when everyone around is generous and happy there is mighty little hope of him ever being anything but downright mean as long as he lives. There are men so mean and close that I would regard it as a symptom of regeneration and a striving after a new and better life if they would take a dollar at Christmas and go and get drunk on it. Their abstinence and all their virtues are based pretty much on economy. They neither drink nor smoke, but sometimes swear—swearing, you will notice, is a very inexpensive vice and they clutch at everything they can get for nothing—and pose as models for men who rightly despise them. The man who is virtuous only in those respects wherein his miserliness applauds the teachings of morality, is not deserving of respect and seldom receives it.

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Although the clothing, the bright faces and the giving and receiving of gifts by our people prove that the country is not as badly off by a long shot as croakers daily proclaim it to be, yet it is true that there are families and stray waifs whose hard circumstances preclude them from sharing in the sweet pleasures of the holiday season. These should not be fenced out from the glad scene in which the great bulk of us figure. If you have never experienced the beautiful sensation derived from giving to those who can make no return, or, better still, giving without revealing your identity, try it for once and find yourself thrilled by the subtlest pleasure of life. A turkey sent by you to a house where no turkey would otherwise find its way, will become a bird of paradise to beautify your dreams for many a day. Your heart will hear it singing as no canary or nightingale ever sang since the dawn of creation. The unparalleled joke of the thing will keep you awake at night laughing. You can imagine the delighted mystification of the recipients of your anonymous gift; how they will guess and puzzle, the various members of the family crediting the good deed to different persons, but not one of them guessing aright—that is the beauty of it, the very soul and substance of it, that none of them shall ever suspect the real culprit, now or ever. There never was such a joke—it is a joke that will make the angels in heaven laugh all Christmas day and whenever they think of it long afterwards.

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May there be many, many such jokes this very day and night all over the round earth!

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What inimitable drollery it would be for a group of young men to chip in ten per cent. of their holiday spending money and go into this turkey prank to see what there is in it! It would prove the most novel and amusing frolic of the season—all other galeties would be tame and stale in comparison with it. It would be an unmatchable practical joke and the fun of the thing would outlast eternity.

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Do what good you can. If you do not care to select any person or family as a mark for such small favors as you have to bestow, why, cast your eye about and you will find organizations planning to provide one square meal for needy children. Aid some one of these movements. Every trifle helps, and your quarter or your dollar may renew some poor fellow's lost faith in humanity, and equip him with fresh hope for the new year. Make some person smile on Christmas day, and it smiles are luxuries and unfamiliar things to the face of that person all the better and nobler your deed. SATURDAY NIGHT wishes every one of its readers a Merry Christmas, all prosperity and the comforts of a clean conscience.

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The *News* has squared itself with the Union after being beaten and humiliated as no paper ever was humiliated in this town. There was perhaps not a man in Toronto, outside the manager of that misguided paper, who did not foresee exactly how it would terminate. Infatuated by success, they mistook the strength of the people for the strength of their paper, and for the sake of a penny quarreled with the men who gave them what they have. A friend who is a friend because after a desperate trial he has found himself too weak to thrive as your enemy, is not to be trusted overmuch. His allegiance is to your muscle, not to your cause, and when he feels stronger than before and sees a chance to get a hip-lock on you, he will take another fall out of you. Whatever squaring and acts of penitence the *News* may make, it will be hard for Labor to erase from its memory a recollection of the peculiarly heartless and ungrateful recreancy of that journal the moment it felt strong enough to throw off disguise. Those who bemoan the necessity for organized labor and strikes, and who charge unionism with fomenting trouble between capitalists and the working classes, need go no farther afield than among the newspapers of Toronto to perceive that labor enjoys nothing of advantage but what it can claim in a voice of command and defend against assault and plot.

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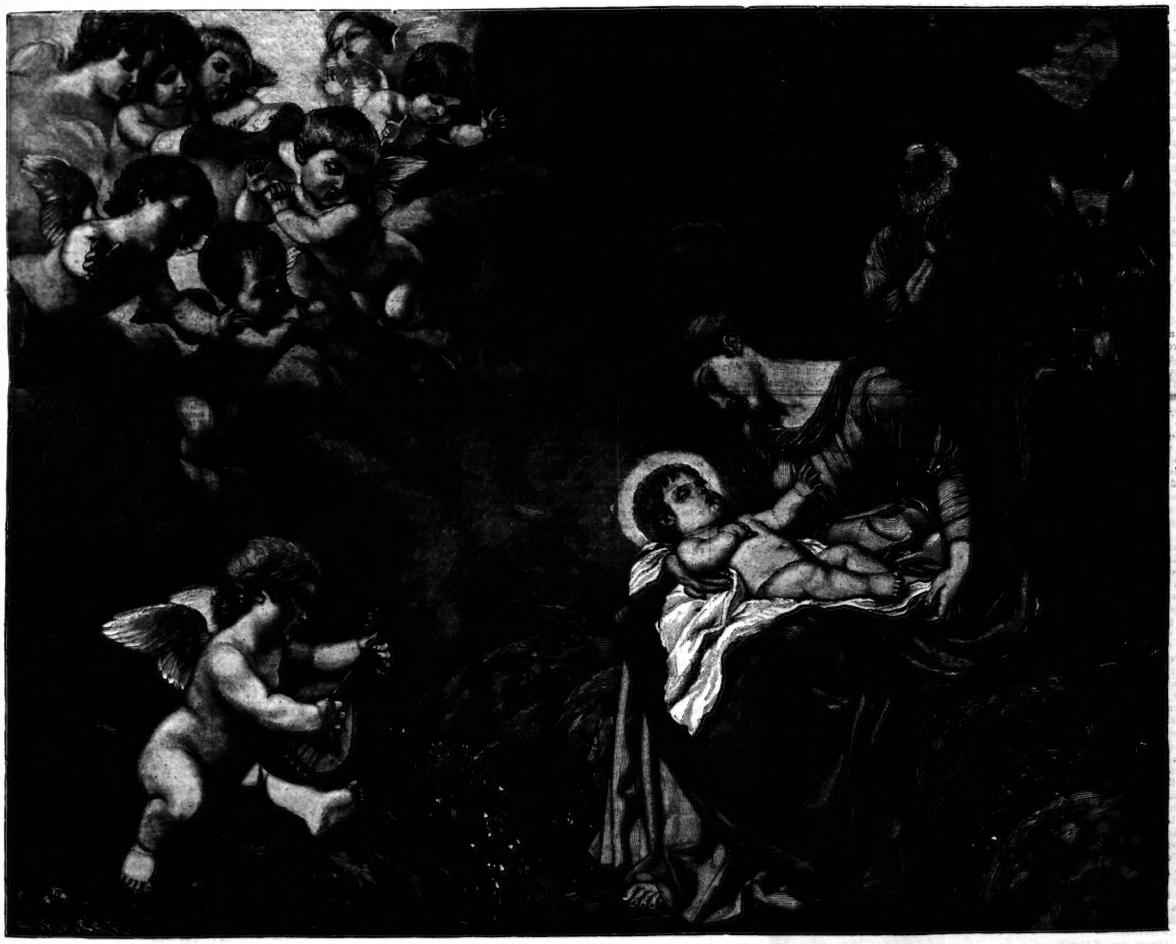
Men who profess adherence to the cause of labor should be judged by their records and actions rather than by their frothy words. Papers should be judged by the relations of the business manager to the composing-room, rather than by the editorial advice given to other employers of labor. The *Telegram* is another paper that has squared itself after seventeen years of loose and easy living, and no doubt expects to be at once admitted to the innermost corner of labor's heart. What the justice of the cause could not impress upon the proprietor of that paper the sight of the arm bared to strike a contemporary at once produced. The *Star*, newly-born, was left at the door of labor for adoption; it has been welcomed, tenderly cared for and suckled. Foundlings have required such services with ingratitude more than once. It is not of the blood. No directorate of workingmen controls its policy, the leaders of labor do not own its stock. The individuals who are its proprietors can point its guns in whatever direction they choose. Therefore, it, too, must be judged by the record it creates, and not by the lisping professions of its trembling infancy. I must say, though, that it seems worthy of trust, since interest and the presumable inclinations of men who have just developed from employees into employers alike urge it to be loyal and constant. No paper can, with absolute safety, be given the full confidence of labor unless its owner has impulses and interests identical with workingmen, or unless workingmen control its stock.

MAGE.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. *By W. A. Shade.*

Mr. Dingle's Christmas Eve.

MR. DINGLE was not a society man. He had been once, but the vicissitudes of an irregular life, and a Bohemian inability to make way against the strong current of ill-fortune bearing him gradually farther away from the trim shores of respectability, had not operated in his favor from a social standpoint.

Neither was Mrs. Dingle a society woman. Nor had she ever been such, which probably accounted for the fact that despite positive, not comparative poverty, Mrs. Dingle was still respectable, something Mr. Dingle was not.

Mr. Dingle, in a long and very shabby ulster, walked slowly down one of the main streets on Christmas Eve, and wondered in a lazy fashion why everyone who passed and elbowed him seemed in such a desperate condition of hurry. Whether it would ever have dawned upon Mr. Dingle that it was Christmas Eve, but for the occurrence of a certain trifling event, must remain in doubt. But standing by the flaring window of a bazaar, Mr. Dingle became aware of the proximity of two tiny mortals in whom, at one period of his life, Mr. Dingle had been mightily interested.

The idea of the twins, of all people in the world, being abroad on a big crowded street after nightfall, without an escort, struck Mr. Dingle as being more singular than funny, and caused him a slight twinge, quite momentary, of parental solicitude. Their mother, Mr. Dingle knew—despite his lamentable ignorance of the domestic curriculum of his family—would never permit the precious twins such flagrant freedom. However, there they were, with their little heads together, apparently engaged in a serious and argumentative conversation as they peered into the big window. There was a very opportune dark doorway within earshot of the twins, and as the event smacked of novelty as well as secrecy, Mr. Dingle availed himself of the shadow and listened.

The twins were two very small boys, more like miniature men, and counterparts in dress, face and expression. Even Mr. Dingle had some difficulty in telling which was Silas and which Thomas Theodore.

"I think we'd better buy the hair brush," said one of the twins. "She wants it worse 'n anything. I heard her say the other morning that if there was anything she wanted it was a hair brush. There's no hairs in the one she has now."

This seemed a pathetic appeal on behalf of the hair brush, but the other twin would not yield at once.

"I think she'd like the album," he said stoutly, concentrating his gaze on a gaudy affair of red and gilt.

"It's no use, Tom," said the practical twin gravely. "There's two albums in the house now, an' what good are they? There's nobody ever comes to the house now to look at them except Joe Fisher, an' I guess Annie's picture is enough for him."

The ornamental twin hauled down his colors, merely suggesting that they should look around inside.

Mr. Dingle emerged from his keyhole and watched the sober little pair as they squeezed their way to the crowded counter. The hair brush was taken from the window, and Mr. Dingle, still unseen, saw his sons emerge in a dignified manner from the establishment, the ornamental one having the honor of carrying the parcel, and proceed homeward.

This affair gave Mr. Dingle food for reflection. The twins buying presents! Why, it seemed only yesterday that they were creeping around the floor, getting into everyone's way, except each other's. The brush was doubtless for their mother. But where had they got the money? Ah, Mr. Dingle, if you had seen those two little fellows putting by every cent that was given them or that they earned, never flinching from their unselfish purpose, you would not wonder.

So it was Christmas Eve! Mr. Dingle had not thought of it. He brushed the wooly snow, that had begun to fall, from his coat, and gazed in an abstracted way at the people who hurried by. Why had he not bought something for Mrs. Dingle? Dingle thought the reason was obvious, as he felt the leanness of his trowsers' pocket through the lining of his overcoat. And the twins—would someone buy them presents, too? Mr. Dingle became painfully conscious of a warmth in his face, and he drew back into the shadow; but of course no one noticed it. Even Mr. Dingle felt that he was unnoticed by the great crowd that surged by him, every individual of which seemed to play some sort of part in the lively drama of Christmas Eve. He was playing none at all; while those twins—

Mr. Dingle moved slowly in the direction of what he was pleased to term his home. It was six o'clock, and he was hungry. Yet he should like to get some little thing for—for the twins. But he had no money. If the last drawing of that Millions-in-it lottery, in which he had invested his sole remaining dollar, had only drawn him even a small prize, he could do something. But no such luck for him. Fortune had ceased smiling upon him long ago. Perhaps Annie would lend him a dollar or two. She had done it before, and she would not refuse her father a little loan for a few days—even if he had not returned former ones.

Mr. Dingle went out into the road to take a look at the higher windows of the big building, and noting that there was a light in the one he was interested in, ran up a flight of dark and narrow stairs, nearly knocking over a well appointed gentleman at the top. He touched his hat to this personage and enquired if his daughter was still in, and getting no reply from the well ordered gentleman, he tapped at a lighted glass door bearing the names, Sharp & Shrewd, in large black letters. Receiving no reply to this further appeal, Mr. Dingle pursued his method of perseverance by turning the handle for himself, and walking in.

"Worthless scoundrel!" muttered the gentleman whom Mr. Dingle had nearly annihilated, as he reached the bottom of the stairs, and buttoned his fine Melton overcoat up to his chin. "Worthless scoundrel! Going to rob that poor little girl of his, I suppose. I've a devilish good mind to go back and—and turn him out!"

As, however, Mr. Sharp had reached the corner of the street by this time, and was hailing a car, he put the idea away on second thought; consoling himself with the reflection that the poor little girl could no doubt take care of herself. He had just given this hard-worked, low-salaried typewriter of his a present of five dollars, on behalf of the magnificent firm of Sharp and Shrewd, accompanied by a hundred dollar oration that would have done credit to a silver tea service presentation to a bank president. And so Mr. Sharp felt that he had propitiated the goddess of charity to an unwarranted extent, and swelled with aggressive humanitarianism as he stepped on the car and went home to his fine dinner. He told his wife that he had given five dollars to that little girl of his; and he mentioned it—casually, of course—to several other people that evening. And at his fine church the next morning, when the preacher talked about charity and so forth, Mr. Sharp smiled to himself and looked significantly across at his partner.

A pale-faced girl looked round from her work as Mr. Dingle came in, and said: "Well, father!" in an interrogative, mechanical way. It is a style begotten in offices. Mr. Dingle cleared his throat.

"Look here, Annie," he said; "I want you to lend me a few dollars for a day or two. I'll let you have it back then. But I want to—to get some little thing for the—the twins, Christmas, you know; and the little chaps will expect something."

"I have got something for the twins," said the girl in even, quiet tones, but with a perceptible tinge of irony that Mr. Dingle did not fail to notice. She did not believe his story—Dingle saw that. It was the old story of wolf! wolf! He winced slightly, and shoving his hands deeper into his pockets, answered:

"Which means, I suppose, that you don't want to lend me the money, and think I want it for myself."

"It is not that, father; but I need every cent I have to-night," said the little breadwinner, softening. "I am going to give mother a jacket. She needs it this winter, if anyone does. She has not a thing to her back. I am going to bring her up town to-night to choose, and if there is anything over we shall need it, for we must have some sort of dinner to-morrow. You will stay at home to-morrow, won't you—for mother's sake? I know she will be happy if you do."

Mr. Dingle muttered something about important business, and beat a retreat as best he could. He wished this confounded lump would not keep rising in his throat. And as to this feeling of sentimental weakness—he could call it nothing else—where would it end?

He refused an invitation to have a "hot Scotch" tendered him by a red-faced acquaintance, who had already imbibed a good many hot Scotches, in a way that somewhat surprised the florid individual.

"I need every cent, father," said Annie.

"Low devil, that Dobson!" he muttered to himself as he quickened his step. "Confound his impertinence! How the deuce did I ever get in with such a fellow!" He did not know that Mr. Dobson was wondering the same thing about himself. Cogitating upon this and sundry other questions of an equally enigmatical nature, Mr. Dingle walked home.

The house was, tranquilly speaking, upside-down when he reached it. There was not an uproar, for the twins were sitting mute and large-eyed at the table, looking with troubled and serious faces alternately at their mother and each other. Mrs. Dingle, a thin little woman with prematurely gray hair, was the prime index to the fact that there was something wrong in the house of Dingle. She was sitting on the sofa, her bonnet awry and a shawl about her shoulders. Her expression was the epitome of despair, for her eyes were red, and she held a handkerchief in her lap, gazing with dilated orbs at nothing. Mrs. Dingle was crying.

"What's the matter?" quoth Mr. Dingle.

"Mother's lost her purse," said the twins together.

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Dingle aghast, forgetting the *sang froid* he always assumed in times of trouble. Even Mr. Dingle could

Mr. Dingle.

appreciate the fulness of such a calamity. "Where did you lose it, Rachel?"

"I—I don't know!" sobbed Mrs. Dingle. "I—I wish I did! I—I've looked all round the g—gate, and—and walked all the way back to—to the m—market with Silas!" As indeed she had, poor little woman, trudging along over the weary mile with the sober twin, forgetting that she was tired and wet, straining her anxious eyes at every little dark object in the snow, and returning broken-hearted and sick after a fruitless search.

"Um!" said Mr. Dingle. He had little consolation to offer. None, in fact. Sympathy is a poor substitute for a lost purse.

"Well, it's too bad," he said, after silence had reigned for some moments, broken only by the sobs of Mrs. Dingle. "It's too bad." Mr. Dingle repeated this assertion as if daring even the largest of the twins to contradict it. "Too bad. But it can't be helped—can it? We must make the most of it! The twins, who had silent ideas on these matters, exchanged glances as if they thought it was very unselfish and heroic of Mr. Dingle to say "we."

"Have—have you any money, Tom?" interrogated Mrs. Dingle, in tones that implied a foregone conclusion that Mr. Dingle had not.

"Well, n—no, I haven't—not to-night," said Tom. A further exchange of ideas between the sons and heirs. "I expected some to-day, particularly as it was Christmas, but the fellow didn't turn up." It was a disagreeable topic, and Mr. Dingle changed it by sitting down to the table and helping himself to bread and butter.

"Don't cry, mother," said Silas, as Mrs. Dingle's tears began to flow afresh. "We'll go out and have another look after tea, and I guess we'll find it."

"I don't want any tea!" cried Mrs. Dingle. "We'll all go," said Thomas Theodore bravely. "You an' Silas an' me." He did not think of including his father, but Mr. Dingle thought it was an intentional omission and it stung him.

Then the breadwinner came in and the story had to be retold. The girl put her arm round her mother's neck.

"How much was there, mother?" she said gently.

"Twenty-one dollars and t—ten cents!" spluttered Mrs. Dingle. "Oh, we can have nothing for to-morrow!" she cried, looking despairingly at the twins. "And there was the rent to pay out of that!"

"I have some money," said Annie, "and we must do the best we can. I am sorry, dear, for your sake," she added, kissing her mother's forehead, "because I was going to give you something—something you need very much"—the twins regarded each other with alarm—"I was going to give you a warm jacket"—the twins looked immensely relieved—"but I am afraid you will have to wait a little now. However, we are not so very badly off, and we will go out and have another look for the purse after tea; and if we cannot find it we will put an advertisement in the paper. And if that fails—why, we will get along somehow. God has not forgotten us yet."

Ah, the priceless worth and magic of kind words out of a strong and loving heart, though that little heart then was very weary and nigh to despairing. However, Mrs. Dingle dried her eyes for good and did eat some tea. And after that, Annie and Silas went out and hunted long and laboriously and unsuccessfully for the lost purse.

Mr. Dingle, despite his previous determination to stay at home for the evening, felt that the moral atmosphere was not congenial to him. He seemed an alien here. The twins were respectful—too much so—and his wife and daughter discussed little tid bits of domestic affairs that at any other time would have bored him, but which he now listened to with keen ears and hungered to participate in. He was a cipher at the wrong end of a short but very important row of little figures. So he put on his overcoat and went out.

As was not his custom, Mr. Dingle had no goal on this particular evening. He wanted to get into the fresh air, and think. He walked, however, toward town, with his head down. It was due to this, no doubt, that when on a small street within a stone's throw of the main thoroughfare, his attention was attracted to a small black object which his foot had accidentally kicked from its quilt of sloppy snow. Mr. Dingle stooped and picked the thing up and carried it to the light.

It was his wife's purse, of course. Dingle counted the bills. They were all there—twenty-one dollars. The odd coin, Mr. Dingle did not bother to look for. It was doubtless there too.

He had not had so much money in his possession for months. He put the bills carefully back in the purse, and the latter deep down into his pocket slowly, deliberately, as if uncertain whether it would be secure; and he patted and slapped the pocket in an admonitory way. Then he became aware that his right foot was wet from standing in a pool of slush that had formed by the dripping from the roof. There was no doubt about it; if he needed anything that could be bought with money, it was a pair of boots.

He had a right to a pair of boots, and a right to at least part of the recovered money. He was head of the family, and was he to go barefoot while the others wore kid? Mr. Dingle was not aware of any member of his small and select family wearing kid; but his humor pleased him. If it had not been for him, there would have been no family. Outside of all this was the prime consideration that he had found the purse—and had it.

There was another phase of the matter embodied in that small voice that calls to all men; but Dingle closed his ears. A glance at a haberdasher's window apprised him of the startling fact that he needed a new shirt or two. Mr. Dingle sighed as he thought of the time when he had unlimited shirts of the very finest cambric, like Beau Brummel. He was on the point of entering the shop, when he noticed his florid acquaintance, Dobson, at the counter purchasing a necktie as red as his nose. So Mr. Dingle went on.

He came to a shoe store, whose big windows were two perfect poems of patent leathers and bluchers and the inevitable red boots; but he remembered that there was a store on the next street, where he had seen some particularly fine boots, and he turned the next corner thitherto.

It was a quiet street he turned into, with fine old stone houses, and in the center of the block a big church. The church door was partly open, and a light glowed through the stained glass windows at the chancel end.

Someone was playing on the organ; Mr. Dingle paused to listen. It was a tender air that drifted down the long aisle, and out of the great door. Without knowing why, moved by some strange impulse, Mr. Dingle walked slowly up the steps till he stood at the door.

He peeped in. The church was tenantless, save for the organist, whose fair head in a halo of light shed by the solitary jet, swayed rythmically, or swung suddenly to either side as the player altered the stops. Mr. Dingle went further in, and sat down in a dark corner. He could not see the organist, but he could listen to the music.

And he did listen. How tender and how strong that flute music was! How like a gentle hand upon a tired head it seemed. It made Mr. Dingle think of his mother's hand, years ago, when he was a boy, and when he ran to her and laid a feverish head upon her lap and slept. Ah, that was years ago! But the organ made him remember.

And then the music wailed, and grew fainter and fainter; but the wonderful tenderness of it seemed to drift down the dark church, and to drip from the great arches. Then it grew imperceptibly louder, carrying the listener with it, body and soul, like in a dream when one goes swiftly up! up! and then all at once becomes becalmed in a great, luminous, boundless peace.

The organist played in a lower key. It was Mendelssohn's Consolation. Mr. Dingle did not know. But he knew that it was glorious, soul-thrilling, deep and wide; and it shook him. Then the organ wept; and a hundred angels wept, too, up there in the great, shadowy corners. And as they wept, the listener in the obscurity of his dark seat yielded up his soul to the divine influence. For Mr. Dingle's head was on his hands, and he was crying.

He saw it all now. Ah! God, what a miserable nonentity he had been—selfish, worthless, a licensed vagrant willing to live on the bread and butter of his little hard-working daughter.

The music swelled, and died, and rose and melted; and the birds seemed to sing, ah! so merrily, and the brooks to murmur as they murmur in our childhood. And Mr. Dingle prayed. Then suddenly, with one great crash that thundered along the aisle and vibrated in the rafters, the organist ceased and Mr. Dingle rose to his feet with a cry.

The cool air seemed to strengthen him when he reached the street and turned his face toward home; for he had felt weak in there. He opened his mouth and drew the fresh air into his lungs, and as he did so, he looked up at the stars through the naked trees, and they seemed to smile at him.

He walked rapidly home. There was a lamp, turned low, burning for him as usual on the little table in the narrow hall.

The little dining-room was silent, but a light burned there, and he heard the voices of his wife and Annie in the kitchen. He took the little yellow lamp in the hall, and crept up the stairs and found the twins sleeping solemnly—there is no other word for it. He kissed them and went into his own and his wife's room, and the poorness of it caused him to start. He had never noticed it before. There were two little parcels on the dressing-table. One was labeled in a big uneven hand, "For father," and the other, "For mother;" and either bore the injunction, in the same hand, "Don't open till morning." He felt that great lump come up in his throat again, so he stole downstairs. His wife and daughter were standing in the little room with frightened faces, for they thought, poor timid souls, that a strange man had got into the house. And so there had. They started when they saw Dingle's face, for it was transformed.

He could say nothing—nothing. But he flushed and held out his arms, and then—ah, God! who will say women are not angels!—that little wife ran into them with a glad cry that woke the twins, and so they came tumbling down to wish everybody a merry Christmas. For the bells were ringing, and it was the morning on which Christ came to earth.

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the best of all Cereal food products, Pure, Healthful, Convenient, 10c. a pound. Try it. PRICES ROCK BOTTOM

Table and Personal Decoration.

A CHRISTMAS table should be white, and a pretty spot of color can be added by clumps of holly leaves and berries, which are offered for sale at very trifling cost. These vivid spots of green and scarlet go excellently well with the lovely cut glass which is just now so much *la mode*. For a table so decorated the centre piece might be a slab of plate glass mirror bordered with frosted holly leaves with a glass *epergne* in the center twined with the scarlet berries. They have a most light and airy effect. Posies of pure white tied with narrow scarlet ribbons might be laid beside each plate, with the season's wishes either on the *menu* cards, on the cards assigning places or on a frosted cardlet attached to the bouquet.

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I have seen some lovely Christmas presents which will make some feminine hearts glad to-morrow. A dainty necklet of *Marguerites* in silver, which goes to an equally dainty belle, a bracelet of enameled pansies, each with its diamond dewdrop and a lovely ring of opal and diamonds set cornerwise and very costly!

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Among the novelties for dinner table services I have seen some dainty little individual butter spreaders. This seems to be an American notion, as butter is not often served at dinner in other countries than the land of the spread eagle. The cute little knives are like miniature butter knives and are placed beside the individual pat on the right of each plate for dinner.

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The great end and aim of a baby-pusher which I remarked in a jeweler's window the other day was not at first quite clear to me, but I found it was a very thoughtful provision for the small people who require spoon feeding and who are prone to chase morsels off their plates to the table cloth. The baby pusher is a sort of little double hoe, in silver and gold, and is a fine idea to land the spoon food safely on the spoon when it seems disposed to chase about the plate and make breaks for the table or the baby's lap. I saw also in this window, which, by the way, was Wanless's on Yonge street, a handsome perforated bon-bon spoon in a new design, some elegantly formed sugar sifters and ice cream slices, and such a pretty sardine lifter, like a sugar tongs, with nippers formed of two dainty silver fish.

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All these novelties belong to the gastronomic region of our appreciation, but for the æsthetic part of our make up we can find at Ryrie's some very lovely silver fern-pots filled with the daintiest growing ferns, and ranging from the tiny individual fernlet to the handsome fern *jardiniere* of several different varieties growing *ensemble*. And that mademoiselle may care for and water these delicate favorites with becoming elegance, Mr. Ryrie has provided her with a silver watering-pot, with a perforated spray, just after the pattern of her gardener's humble tin watering-pot. I could not at first imagine whether this sumptuous arrangement was to sprinkle tea, coffee or even lemonade for human beings, and I was vastly taken by surprise when I discovered it was only a watering-pot *de luxe*!

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A delightfully antique little Roman lamp is to be had as a *cadeau de noel* for some brother who loves his after dinner cigar or pipe. It is fed with alcohol, into which two little silver torches are plunged. One lights the cigar with the torch, which is withdrawn from the alcohol and kindled at the lamp flame. This pretty thing is to be had at Wanless's.

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Lovely paper knives, with postage stamp holders and minute tablets on their silver handles, are complete and useful in the extreme. A charming bracelet, with a center of a gold and diamond anchor and a cable wound about it, another with one row of graduated pearls, deeply bedded in the narrow gold band, a fairy-like necklace of tiny turquoise set in gold for-get-me-nots, are some of the quite novel pretties you may find at Taggart's for your very best girl's Christmas present. This firm has also a very unique lot of diamond rings, which Santa Claus has evidently priced when in a generous mood, for I am afraid to tell you how cheap they are.

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As few dresses have pockets this season, pocket-books are made large enough to hold a handkerchief as well as a few cards and money. The leathers most used are seal-skin, lizard of quaint mottling, the kangaroo, and pig-skin. Beside these are morocco books of all tints from cream and pearl white, gray and tan to match the gown, Russian blue, dark blue and very brilliant red. Gold mountings are desired here, as indeed gold is inclined to supersede silver in all decorations this winter. Card cases come to match the *porte monnaie*, yet it is a great convenience to have both in one. Enamels in floral designs are seen on very costly pocket-books, but the preference with women of taste is for those simply bound with gold or silver, and decorated very slightly with *fleurs de lis*, lizards, or a monogram.

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Useful ornaments for general wear in the daytime are stick-pins, in sword and dagger shape, for lace-pins, for the scarf, for hair-pins and hat-pins. Many of these are jeweled in the hilt, but less costly ones are of plain gold. In brooches there is a fancy for green garnets or olivines mounted as a lizard, a parrot, a grasshopper, a frog, or a beetle, or almost anything that the olive-green of the stones suggests. Pearls—pink, gray, or black, as well as in their familiar color—turquoises from New Mexico or from Persia, or else a glowing Mexican opal will form the center of brooches of small diamonds in open lacelike design, while in other brooches several smaller stones are mounted in gold in Indian styles. The Lohengrin swan of gold, with a pearl in its beak or upon its back, forms a graceful brooch as it swings from a bar of gold, or else it makes the entire brooch, with a pin at the back. Gold buckles of open design with a clasp attached are liked for the white belts of Empire gowns, and for black belts as well. A chain of finely woven gold with pearls or diamonds at intervals is used for lorgnettes of gold or shell, and comes in thirty to sixty inch lengths. The chatelaine brooch fastened high on the chest or at the waist line is still preferred for watches.

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Here are some useful hints on the care of foot and hand wear: To preserve the shape of shoes, to prevent the leather drying, cracking or wrinkling, it is absolutely necessary to have wooden forms. They cost all the way from a dollar ninety to two twenty-five per pair, but they last forever and repay the outlay by the preservation afforded shoes. Whenever I take off my shoes my first care is to slip them over forms, and if they are moist, muddy or dusty, have them cleaned, brushed and set, soles up, to dry. The laced boots have a touch of polish laid on if they seem dingy, and the polish must dry off before they are put into the box. The dress boots are given a coat of varnish on their patent leather vamps just once a week. I put them on forms, and with a rag and bit of scouring fluid that the shoemakers use, clean off all that is left of the old coat of varnish, let them dry, and then very sparely paint on the black cream. On any other occasion I merely wipe them clean with a dry cloth and put them away on their form. The slippers fit over wire frames and about twice a season need varnish. The Russian leather ties, after every wearing, go through the same process and are frequently scoured and revarnished, for you must know that leather is preserved soft and smooth only by keeping it absolutely clean. A shoe thrust dusty and crumpled in that abomination of desolation, a shoe bag, or thrown in a box, to let the mud dry on soles or vamps in hard brown cakes, wears out quickly, grows shabby, uncomfortable, and unwearable in a very short space of time. The use of forms, vigilant care and attention pay doubly in the long run. My laced shoes, worn and walked in every day, last one year; my dress shoes often two, and by buying one pair of slippers every twelve months, I now have appropriate ones for all times and seasons.

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As to gloves. My calling and evening gloves I pay the best price for, and never take an expensive glove that is not first fitted satisfactorily to my hand. I patronize the cleaners, and I never lay a glove away rolled in a ball or folded. Evening gloves I draw off by pulling them inside out, for that prevents the kid from being dragged out of shape, and exposes the inside of the glove to the air, permitting an evaporation of any possible moisture from the hand; then I turn them, draw the fingers into shape, and lay them in tissue paper and in a long drawer, so they need not be folded. Calling gloves are treated in the above manner and laid in the tissue paper that keeps the kid dry and sweet; and for an old glove, a great deal depends on how it is put on, on the snug fit of it about the wrist, and the dainty neatness of needlework in closing finger ends and sewing on buttons.

LA MODE.

Individualities.

Miss Frances Willard has proposed and Dr. Chauncey M. Depew has seconded the motion that Queen Victoria should appoint Miss Jean Ingelow her poet laureate.

The guillotine has been introduced into Tonquin by the French, and the Chinese are quite delighted at the idea of being able, by its means, to shuffle off this mortal coil so rapidly.

A new handy edition of Shakespeare, to be called the Ariel edition, is soon to be published in thirty-nine small pocket volumes bound in flexible leather, with five hundred illustrations.

Since the reformation in 1536, Denmark has not had a Catholic bishop until lately, when Johannes von Euch was appointed Bishop of Osnabruds, which has a Catholic population of 8,000.

Marguerite Colette, a widow, was the first person buried at Saint Denis under the new conditions imposed by the Socialist mayor, who has forbidden the clergy to accompany funerals to the grave.

In the Toskahana of Teheran is the peacock throne of the great mogula, carried away from Delhi by Nadir Shah and valued at $20,000,000. It is a square seat of beaten gold thickly encrusted with the choicest jewels of ancient India.

Lord Herschell, the English Lord High Chancellor, is the first of the chosen race to become "keeper of the Queen's conscience." His father was a Polish Jew who turned Christian and became a missionary among his former co-religionists.

Mrs. Royal Leighton, of the Society of Friends, has gone from New York to found a second school for girls in Palestine, one hundred miles from Jerusalem. Mrs. Leighton is now over sixty years of age, but is remarkably successful in her work.

Lord Lytton's posthumous poem, King Poppy, has just appeared. It took him sixteen years to write the six thousand lines which it comprises. It bears traces everywhere of careful polish and dainty workmanship, but the critics say it won't be much read.

Mrs. Cleveland bought a doll for her little daughter at a fair in New York, and the next morning one of the papers had a picture of it. And yet we accuse Europeans of being snobs because they recount in their papers the daily doings of their royal families.

Herbert Spencer was once living in a boarding-house. A lady who sat near to him at meals was recommending it to a friend and said: "But there is a Mr. Spencer who thinks that he knows about science and philosophy. I have to correct him every night."

Mr. William Walter Phelps, the American minister to Berlin, has got himself very much disliked in Germany on account of some indiscreet remarks he made in praise of Prince Bismarck at a banquet given by the American colony on the Spree on Thanksgiving Day.

Chicago is at work making a collection of the historic structures of this country for her fair. The latest curiosity she has picked up is the original Uncle Tom's Cabin, which she found on a Red River plantation in Louisiana. How it escaped from Kentucky we are not told.

Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist and reformer, it is rumored, intends to visit this country next spring. He will live with the farmers in order to study their methods of agriculture and stock raising and become acquainted with the people of the United States who till the soil.

The original autograph manuscript of Poems by Two Brothers, to wit, Alfred and Charles Tennyson, was recently sold in London. A receipt for £20 (about $100), paid for the copyright and signed by both, went with it. The larger part of the manuscript is in Alfred Tennyson's handwriting.

Samuel J. Randall left his widow very badly provided for, and some congressmen in Washington spoke about starting a popular subscription for her. But it appears that George W. Childs, A. J. Drexel and others raised a fund soon after Mr. Randall's death and invested it in Mrs. Randall's name, so as to yield her a comfortable income.

If the Comte de Paris and the Duc d'Orleans had not made such idiots of themselves, they would, just now, have a very good chance of regaining the throne of their forefathers, for, owing to the recent scandals, there is a very strong impression among the French that democracy has proved a failure in France. A reaction, however, will doubtless soon set in.

Mrs. Parnell's bankruptcy has been a great surprise to the public at large, but not so to some of her friends. When Charles Stewart Parnell died she had not money enough to bury him, and Redmond and O'Brien paid the expenses of the funeral. How she managed to get rid of the money she inherited from her aunt, said to be $200,000, is, however, a mystery which has not yet been solved.

American girls are not alone in their recent enthusiasm for cooking classes. Over one hundred Parsee girls recently competed for prizes at an examination in domestic cookery in Bombay. Cabobs, potato wafers, yellow rice, omelets, puddings, vegetables and other dishes used in Parsee middle class families, as well as the preparation of food for infants and invalids, were discussed, and the prizes were awarded by a committee of Parsee ladies.

Whittier was at least six feet tall, with the dark complexion and dark, bright eyes of his Huguenot ancestors. His nose was rather small and aquiline; his complexion delicate; his forehead splendid and dominant. He lived as he wrote, and this means all that is pure, noble, knightly and gentle in manhood. Among the poet's curiosities was the great key of Libby Prison, which was presented to him by a delegation of friends and admirers after the prison was set open. It was about a foot long, massive and heavy.

It is the custom in France for panegyrics to be pronounced at the graves of notable men, and even obscure persons have their praises sung in the cemetery. This has resulted in the appearance of a professional panegyrist, always to be found in a wine shop hard by the cemetery. He is known as "Monsieur du Cimetiere." He has on hand an assortment of orations to suit customers of every description. All he needs are a few hints about the life and career of the defunct and he evolves the rest from his imagination. The mourners never fail to be convinced that in the deceased the world lost one of its greatest men or women.

Visitor—What is all that noise and racket in the private office?
Office Boy—Oh, that's the silent partner going over the books.—*Life.*

Must be Bifurcated.

First Manager—I am going to put on a tank play with a mermaid in it.
Second Ditto—Well, it will fail, sure! How 're you going to put a mermaid in tights?

A Conflict of Authorities.

Grace Ingle—Have you decided yet whether you shall accept Mr. Lyonanoff?
Mary Maines—No—; Bradstreet says I may, but Dun says I mustn't.

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FRENCH and AMERICAN SLIPPERS
Latest original designs, in finds or satin and in colors to match any gown.
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J. D. KING & CO., 79 King St. E.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

IT'S an old saying that figures don't lie. Figures certainly talk, and talk very emphatically sometimes. We've a sale of dress goods on just now, and we're going to let the prices do most of the talking.

42 in. All-wool Grey Dubeige 25c., worth 35c.
42 in. English Tweed 25c., worth 40c.
42 in. English Tweed 30c., worth 40c.
42 in. German Tweed 40c., worth 60c.
42 in. French Tweed 50c., worth 75c.
50 in. Scotch Shot Effect 60c., regular price $1.25.
48 in. Scotch Shot Effect 65c., regular price $1.
Scotch Tweeds 75c., $1, $1.25.

Think of new and fashionable goods, for these we offer you:

43 in. Estamene Navy Serges 30c., actual value 45c.
43 in. Estamene Navy Serges 40c., actual value 55c.
45 in. Estamene Navy Serges 45c., actual value 60c.
46 in. Estamene Navy Serges 50c., actual value 65c.
43 in. Cheviots 45c., worth 60c.
48 in. Cheviots 65c., worth 90c.

A brief mention here of several specialties: A recent purchase in bond includes a lot of shot effects, beautiful goods—46 in. shot effects in bronze and red, brown and green, blue and red, blue and gold, garnet and blue, marked at 50c, worth 65c.

45 in. Shot Effect, with figure, 40c., worth 85c.
44 in. Shot Matelasses, very new, 65c., worth 90c.
48 in. Cord, shot with silk, 75c., worth $1.
Broadcloths clearing at 50c., 65c., 75c., 85c.
Henriettas, newest colorings, 50c., actual value 65c.

Mail orders from out-of-town shoppers filled promptly at these figures.

R. SIMPSON
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

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They are the Best
SOLD BY
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Armand's Fashionable Hair Goods.

Fringe, Bangs, Waives and Puff Coils, etc.
Specialty in fine Hair Switches, all made of long hair only—suitable and serviceable articles in Hair Goods for Christmas presents.

SELECTED STOCK.

High class French Extracts (odors) for handkerchiefs. Great choice of Toilet Pockets and Boxes for Christmas presents. Select samples of hand-painted Sachets for handkerchiefs and gloves

Fashionable Hair Ornament

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Are the most complete to be found on the Continent. The best European Artists are employed in
Hair Cutting
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Here ladies will find a large stock of the latest styles in Hair Goods, such as
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191 and 334 Yonge St.
TORONTO

Thanksgiving is over. This means that Christmas, too, will soon be here, but it means much more than this. It means that every day from now on to that greatest event of the year both our stores will be filled with the finest goods at the most astonishingly close prices. To see read the following quotations:

Copper-bottom tea-kettles, No. 9, 50c; No. 8, 40c; splendid, well made copper bottom No. 8 boiler, 25c., regular price $1 75. Elegantly painted and gold banded, strongly made coal scuttles, medium size, 19c; large, 25c; large, with funnel, 35c. Stove boards, 5c.

The Comet flour sifter, only 14c. Mrs. Potts' best polished irons, 60c.

Eddy's best tubs, three sizes, 55c., 65c. and 75c., worth 75c., $1, and $1.25.

Wooden bowls, 8c., 10c., 15c., etc., up to 45c. for a very large one.

Eddy's celebrated matches, 10c. per box; parlor, 2c. boxes for 5c.

A Royal Canadian or Royal Dominion clothes wringer, fully warranted, only $2.69; three string brooms, best green broom (corn), 15c; 6 doz. clothes pins, 5c.

Baby's own soap, 2c. per cake; Fairbanks' best, 3 cakes 10c.; Gem bouquet, 5c.; Castile, 4c. cake; Wolfe's acme shoe polish, 10c.

Finely cloth bound books of the works of all the great authors, 19c.; paper covered books, 5c. and 7c.; Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, $1.35.

Note paper, 7c. for 24 sheets; good square envelopes, 4c. per package.

Me and of games—Halma, parchesi, "Go Bang!" Louisa, etc., from 44c. up to 85c., usually sold for from $1 to $1.50. Open evenings. Come and inspect our fine stock

W. H. BENTLEY

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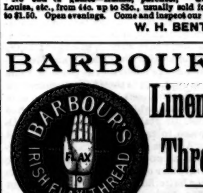

Linen Threads
UNEQUALLED FOR ALL PURPOSES

Social and Personal.

Large audiences greeted the presentation of the Marriage Dramas last Thursday and Friday evenings, but the Saturday night's gathering of the clans outnumbered both the previous ones. On all three evenings the uniforms of the officers and men of the three volunteer regiments who successively patronized the performance, lent an air of brightness and *ton* to the very beautiful gowns and piquant faces of the fairer portion of the audience. Everyone was there. The boxes overflowed with bevies of laughing and interesting *grandes dames*, or uniformed officers, and, literally, all went merry as a marriage bell.

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The Government House party occupied a box on Thursday and Friday evenings, and the head of our *beau monde* smiled graciously down on us. With apologies to all the other sweet girls for making any selection, I must confess that I fell in love with Miss Nellie Parsons, when she toddled about her pretty duties in the Japanese wedding. No Edwin Arnold *musmee* was ever more dainty and delightful than she. Those clever girl, the Misses Brown of Sherbourne street, were universally admired for the grace and character they gave to their dances. "Our Dottie" danced an idealized Dutch dance (it seemed a shame to put this pretty little fairy into those clumsy clogs), and on Saturday night her cousin, Miss Donna Lamont of Ontario street, showed that more than one member of the Lamont family excels in the terpsichorean art by dancing a Highland Fling in the extra drama, a Kiltie wedding, in a manner which earned her great applause and several floral and other trophies. Another masterly effort was Mr. Murray's sword dance, which was a marvel of light and dexterous stepping, and deserves the thanks of the members of the Scotch wedding drama as it added greatly to the presentation.

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I am also moved to express the pleasure with which everyone received the vocal efforts of Mr. Davies in the Russian Wedding. Miss Allen and Mr. Louis Breen did wonders in successfully training such a large number of amateurs in such a very short time, and their energy and skill are much appreciated. The chaperones of the different dramas also had no sinecure, and performed their work most faithfully. By a typographical oversight, Mrs. Frank Arnoldi's name was omitted from my list of chaperones, but her gracious and kindly help was always at the service of her charges. I am glad to know that the efforts of the young people have resulted in a gain of about twelve hundred dollars to the funds of Grace Homœpathic Hospital.

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In the Russian wedding, which, with those which followed, lack of space prevented my describing last week, the picture on the stage opens with the guests and family at table, the bride, Miss May Walker, sitting by the bridegroom, at the head. The bride's dress was most beautiful, with her high head dress, pearl ornaments and veil. All the ladies' dresses were gorgeous and resplendent with jewels and lace. The grandfather, who wore a red vest embroidered in gold, red plush coat trimmed with black fur, proposed a toast, which was responded to by Mr. Davies, in song. The father wore a red brocaded coat, with black velvet collar heavily embroidered; the foster mother, a brown velvet robe, and red head dress. But the bridegroom's dress of yellow, trimmed with black velvet, must have made some prospective bridegrooms feel quite envious. All the stage groupings were in good and correct taste, and the ornaments, especially the antique classical shaped lamp, were in perfect accord with the surroundings. It was a scene very rich in coloring.

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The Dutch wedding scene, the most amusing of all, was then presented. A group of lads and lasses were on the stage, in the center of which were the bride, Miss Smith, and Mr. George Dunstan, the groom. To a waltz movement Mr. Dunstan sang the following song:

In Zealand where the waving grasses
Surround our meadows, lands and slips,
Across the bridge in safety passed
The Zealand lass, who homeward trips.
The Zealand lad, who loves the lassie,
When meeting on a bridge like this,
May stop the maid ere she passes,
And take his toll—it is a kiss.

CHORUS

High-le-lo, let's drift along; love and kisses together go;
High-le-lo, high-le, high-le-lo, high-le-lo, high-le, high-le-lo.

The piper, Mr. Sweny, standing on the barrel, played until he fairly split his sides laughing. The dancers danced in their sabots, and the clang of the wooden shoon helped to make music, and all was merriment and laughter. Miss Dottie Lamont appeared and danced most artistically, and then all joined in a round dance. The girls' dresses were bright-colored print, the bride's pink muslin, with velvet bodices, white caps and white aprons, the bride's being very large, in which to carry all her presents. The men wore loose coats, trimmed with braid and big buttons, white shirts, rolling collars, trowsers short and very full; some green, some red and some blue hats, with feathers and wooden shoes.

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In the Japanese wedding the scene was so realistic and attractive that it would require the pen of Sir Edwin Arnold, who is an enthusiastic about Japan, to describe it. At the back of the stage on a raised dais sat the middleman; his under robe was white, and he wore a cape of red with ornaments of gold. On one side were the musicians in Japanese everyday dress, with large sleeves, and sashes tied in butterfly bows. They played soft music on guitars and mandolins. Two butterflies, or maidens of the ceremony, entered; they were in gowns of a gauzy yellow material with lots of folds, and made to look as much like butterflies as possible, while butterflies were used in their hair as ornaments. They motion the guests to their places on each side of the room, while they gracefully recline on the floor. On a tab'e stand two figures, which are supposed to represent the first man and woman. A stork is also represented, as no Japanese scene would be complete without one, and several other objects, all being symbols, as well as the butterflies, who are types of wedded bliss. The bride, Miss May Hughes, and bridegroom, Mr. F. N. Bendelari, enter, and a silver butterfly, Miss Emma Brown, leads in a dance, in which the guests, with large butterfly fans, join. This dance is really very graceful, and when the colored light was thrown on, it was a very beautiful scene. The bride looked indeed lovely in an embroidered under dress, the kimono opening over it; a veil arranged in a peak above her head fell over her face. The bridegroom's dress was dark blue, with full white cape much embroidered. The butterfly dancers' dresses were perfect for human butterflies; their wings were red and green, while their fans were the same color. They were truly Japanese, which means that the coloring, light and effect left nothing to be desired to an artistic eye.

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In the Highland wedding the marriage of fair Ellen (Miss May Hughes) to the unwelcome bridegroom (Mr. Rex Stovel), whose make-up was a marvel of hideousness, is interrupted by the entrance of young Lochinvar, who, after drinking from the goblet of welcome, treads a measure with the bride, and carries her off before the guests or relatives can interfere. Mr. Coulthard made an ideal young Lochinvar, his splendid stature and handsome face showing off the Kiltie uniform to perfection. The remaining *caste* of this drama was as follows: Father and Mother, Mr. Tower and Mrs. Denison; Blind mendicant and grandchild, Mr. Ernest Thompson and Miss Donna Lamont; Guests, Misses May Hoskin, Daisy Ince, Victoria Mason, Gertrude Thompson and May Morrison, Messrs. J. Bayne Coulthard, S. Cunningham, J. McDougall, Brown and C. Catto. Two of the guests, Messrs. McDougall and Brown, are members of H Company, 48th Highland Regiment. The chaperones of this drama desire to specially thank Capt. Robertson for his kindness and help, Mr. Murray for his very excellent sword dancing, and Piper Major Ireland and Piper Sharp, who kindly played for this wedding.

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The last scene opens at Gretna Green with a young pair of lovers (Mr. Arthur Sweatman and Miss J. M. Shanly), who have just arrived at the blacksmith's shop. The lovers bribe the blacksmith (Mr. Saunders) to marry them, and the milkmaid (Miss E. A. Shanly) and post boy (Mr. E. R. Ricketts) think they will follow the example of the lovers, but discover the coming of the old folks. The young people hide behind the coach, while the parents try to get news of the runaway couple. The mother discovers her daughter and faints. However, "All's well that ends well," a reconciliation takes place, and it is to be hoped they all, as the old story books say, "lived happy ever afterwards." The dresses were very pretty and quaint. The bride's dress was pale green, and she carried a muff and tippet of eiderdown. She looked charming in an old-fashioned poke bonnet, trimmed with swansdown. The mother, Miss Shanly, wore a dark green cottage bonnet and a pelisse very much beflowered. The father, Mr. Cameron, wore a blue coat and brown ankle tights and a black chapeau. The blacksmith, in blue shirt, cap, heavy boots and leather apron, looks in the right place. The milkmaid looks as pretty as a picture in her red dress, gingham apron, little plaid shawl, carrying old-fashioned milking pails. The post boy wears a red jacket, white trowsers, long boots and velvet cap.

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A number of interesting items were unavoidably left over last week, among others the promised notice of the conversazione of the Toronto College of Music, but our columns are not elastic, and our friends must sometimes be content to wait. Everyone enjoyed the conversazione, which was most numerously attended by a crowd of smart people. Mrs. Torrington and Mrs. Webster received the guests, and were kept busy welcoming fresh arrivals until quite late. Mrs. Torrington wore a handsome pearl-colored silk; Mrs. Webster looked lovely in a delightful gown of white and gold, which exactly suited her blonde beauty. Down the steps into the concert hall, which was prettily arranged and decorated, pressed the crowd, among whom I remarked almost every music lover of our city: Mr. and Mrs. Bourlier, Mr. Harry Field, with his mother and sister, Miss Field looking very handsome in black and pink with black lace; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cox, Mrs. Cox wearing a rich maroon silk with handsome trimmings; Mrs. Wilkes and the Misses Wilkes, Mr. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Fox in a handsome bronze silk with gold passementerie; Miss Maud Snarr, *petite* and *piquante* as usual; Mr. and Miss Gunther, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. C. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Goodeham, Mrs. Neville, Miss Carry, Mr. and Mrs. F. Webb, Mr. Galbraith, Mrs. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wilson, Dr. Willmott, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Dr. and Mrs. Caven, Miss Walker, Miss Snell, Dr. M. W. Sparrow, Dr. and Mrs. Aikens, Mr. A. Haller, Mr. Eagle, Mrs. Dennis Moore of Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Devere, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mr. Lovering, Mr. Swartout, Mr. T. E. Robinson, Mr. Colquhoun, Mr. J. C. Robinson, Mr. Aikenhead and party, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. T. G. Mason, Mr. T. O. Oliver, Miss Hilliary, Mr. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Dromer, Mr. Cody, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Maclaren, Major and Mrs. Manley, Dr. and Mrs. Sheraton, Dr. E. H. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Parker, Mr. Warring Kennedy, Miss Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington, Mr. G. H. Field, Dr. and Mrs. Sweetnam, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Miss Jaffray, Mr. H. J. Way, Miss Way, Mr. and Miss Treble, Mr. Peter Ryan and the Misses Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Carveth, Mr. and Mrs. Earls, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Winter, Mr. and Mrs. A. Mason, Mr. A. W. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. A. D. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, Mr. J. Segsworth, Capt. and Mrs. Hughes, Miss Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Hume, Miss Ethel Reid, Dr. and Mrs. Emory, Mr. Pringle, Mr. W. J. Arnott and Miss Arnott, Mrs. M. E. O'Regan, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Miss Hodgetts, Mr. Walter Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Keys, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Mrs. and Miss MacKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. Schuch, Mr. T. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Cowen, Ald. and Mrs. Score, Mr. O. H. Newcombe, Mrs. G. Smith, Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, Miss Hector, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Orr, Dr. Adams, Miss Bowes, Mr. Sale, Mrs. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Littlehales, Dr. and Mrs. McMahon, Dr. and Mrs. Cuthbertson, and many others. Very toothsome refreshments were served during the evening and the musical programme was perfect, Mrs. Kleiser, Mrs. Webster, Miss Marguerite Dunn, and Messrs. Faeder, Jeffers, Field, Webster, Morgan and the University Glee Club being the interpreters of its various numbers. I remarked what very bright and pleasant-looking people are the students at the Toronto College of Music, and also what hearty and charming hosts they can be. The programmes of the performance were very beautifully gotten up.

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Mrs. Percy Beatty's tea on Saturday last was largely attended and proved a very pleasant affair. Mrs. Beatty, who was charmingly gowned in almond brown and pale pink, was assisted in receiving by her sister, Miss Lottie Wood, who wore a very becoming gown in pale blue and black with Irish lace, the Misses Temple and Miss Queenie Hoskins. Mrs. Beatty's pretty house was filled with ladies, and more than the usual percentage of gentlemen was *en attendance*. Among the guests I noticed: Mrs. S. C. Wood, Rev. Septimus and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. J. E. and Miss Thompson, Miss Hannaford, Mr. Bedford Jones, Mrs. Allan Aylesworth, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Dr. Lehman, Mrs. Denison, Mr. J. B. Coulthard, Mr. W. Coulthard, Mr. Ernest Thompson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Maule, Mr. David Symons, Mr. Ormiston, Mr. and Miss Mintz, Professor Baker, the Misses Torrance, Miss Leys, Miss Kate Stevenson, Miss McKenzie, Mrs. A. Creelman, the Misses Laing, the Misses Dallas, the Misses Thomson, Rev. John Langtry, Mrs. and the Misses Langtry, Mrs. and the Misses Milligan, Mr. J. B. McLean, Miss Violet Towner, Mr. Caston, Mr. J. McDonald and Messrs. W. W. and H. H. Wood.

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The debate and concert given by the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society on Friday evening, December 9, was a most interesting and enjoyable affair. Miss Laura McGillivray, Miss Jardine-Thomson, Miss Shipe and others assisted very acceptably in the programme. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. and Miss Weatherston, Mr. Smellie, Mr. Spencer, Miss Foster, Mr. Stevenson, Col. and the Misses Milligan, Mr. H. Martin, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Ernest Thompson, the Misses Birdie and T. Mason, Mr. Frank Maclean, Mr. George Grote, Mr. Strathy, Miss Denroche, Miss Frances Morris, Miss Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Stimson, Mrs. Wilson, the Misses Morphy, Mr. G. P. Deacon, Mr. J. MacGillivray, Mr. E. F. H. and Miss Cross, Mr. Shirley Denison, Miss White, Miss Morrison, Mr. Badgley, Miss Daisy Ince, Messrs. and Miss Sloane, Mr. G. and Miss Minty, Mr. B. and Miss Hinds, Mr. Docker, Miss Laura Wise, Mr. J. Ashworth, Miss Hall, Miss E. Gimson, Mr. Bonyard, Mr. Roche, Mr. R. Cooper.

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Miss Martin's progressive euchre party of the same evening was a most enjoyable affair. About forty friends contested for the prizes. A certain dignified barrister from the east end was awarded the booby prize, a most sapient-looking donkey, which created much amusement among a party of night-car travelers on the way home. Several liberal offers were made for it, but the man of law could not be induced to sell.

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Another pleasant Parkdale entertainment took place at the Home for Incurables, which was arranged by Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, who is always finding means to amuse the inmates of the Home. Mr. Stewart and Mr. Pellatt gave an impromptu Negro and Irishman performance, Mr. Ebbels recited several amusing trifles, Mr. Murray, Mr. Early and Capt. Currie, in full Scottish costume, danced and piped excellently, Mr. Wilson was inexhaustible in funny songs, and a real good laugh was enjoyed by the invalids. After a cup of tea, the performers returned to the city with a party of friends, who had taken in the concert.

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The chaperones of the Marriage Dramas gave a *soiree dansante* to the performers, at the Grace Homœopathic Hospital, Thursday evening, December 22, from eight to twelve. It is needless to chronicle that a lovely time was the result, and a fitting end put to what was a most successful and enjoyable effort on the part of Toronto's bright young folks to aid a very deserving cause.

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A most charming At Home was given last Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Justice Burton of Oak Lodge, Wellington street. A large number of guests were present and enjoyed many a little *tete-a-tete* in the spacious rooms of this fine old home. Mrs. Burton wore a handsome black silk. Miss Burton's gown of pearl-gray and white silk with passementerie the same shade, was very becoming. Mrs. George Burton wore a stylish gown of fawn bengaline with shell-pink surah silk trimming. Mrs. Kirkpatrick's costume of pale blue and black was very much admired. Mrs. Shortt of Kingston and Mr. Carruthers were in the Government House party. Among others I noticed: Judge and Mrs. Osler, Dr. and Mrs. Gravett, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Mason, Miss Victoria and Miss B. Mason, Mr. Beardman, Misses Langton, Miss Cayley and Miss Madeline Cayley, Mr. Strathy, Mrs. Henderson, Miss Crocker, Messrs. Plummer, George Burton, Jones, Wyatt, Law, George Evans, Spencer.

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Mr. J. J. Gormally of Ottawa was in the city recently.

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Mr. James Masson, M. P., of Owen Sound, was in town lately.

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On Friday evening, December 16, Mrs. J. K. Johnstone of 5 Czar street gave a progressive euchre party in honor of her visitors, Miss Johnstone of Ottawa and Miss McIntyre of Hespeler, who assisted in receiving the guests, among whom were: Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. See, Mr. and Mrs. Rutter, Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, Mr. and Mrs. Iredale, Mrs. Birch of Brooklyn, Misses Griffin, Millar, Vanskiele, Howard, Dr. Bowie, Dr. G. B. Smith, and Messrs. McDonald, Bailey, Spencer and Reddan.

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A most enjoyable musicale was given last Wednesday evening by Mrs. Rushton Fairclough at her house on Harbord street. The 'Varsity Banjo Club was present and gave selections. There were also among others: Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Miss Pauline Johnson, the Misses Dennistoun, Professor and Mrs. Baldwin, Professor Hutton, the Misses Grant Allan of Kingston, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Miss Grant Macdonald, Miss Hector, the Misses Thompson, Mr. Andrew Thompson, the Misses Mackellar, Miss Morson, Professors Mavor and Baker, Mr. and Miss Boulibee, Miss Cumberland.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. Braybrooke Bayley have removed to their new home, 64 Admiral avenue.

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Mrs. M. A. Wilcox of Marlborough avenue is visiting her mother, Mrs. Abercrombie of Picton, Ont.

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Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Denison of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Orangeville, have come to reside in Toronto, and have taken up house at 27 Bellevue avenue, where Mrs. Denison will receive on Fridays.

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In the silver cup competition for the photo of the handsomest child, which was offered by the Buffalo *Express*, Franklin Pringle, the fine little son of Mr. J. F. Pringle of 705 Ontario street, came off eleventh out of one thousand competitors.

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Mrs. D. A. Burns of 620 Ontario street has removed to No. 1 Hawthorne avenue, Rosedale.

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Mrs. Kirkpatrick gives a dance next Monday evening at Government House.

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A number of family dinner parties will be given on Monday evening next to celebrate Christmas. Mrs. Henry Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, Mrs. Mulock and several other mistresses of stately homes will entertain their relatives and connections.

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The many friends of Mrs. Ethel Herbert (*nee* Ethel Woods) solo contralto, who before her marriage was so well and favorably known by her connection with the Chas. Kelly Concert Company, also the choir of Jarvis street Baptist church, will be pleased to learn she has again resumed singing, and will be heard in church and concert during the present season.

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The officers and members of the Owl Club gave their second At Home of this season in Prof. Early's parlors, corner of Yonge and Louisa streets, on Friday evening, December 16. The officers: President, Mr. Smith; vice-president, Mr. Carroll; secretary, Mr. J. Rear; treasurer, Mr. W. Fessenden; and the committee, Messrs. Chubb, Murchison, Whale, Kennedy, Gass, Stainer and Sellers deserve much credit for the enjoyable evening spent by all present. Refreshments were served during the evening. About eighty attended, among whom were: Miss Randal, the Misses Guy, the Misses Kemp, the Misses Healy, the Misses Palmer, Miss Nolan, Miss La Flamme, Miss T. Smith, Miss Godward, Miss McNelly, Miss Bowerman, Miss Scott, Miss McCrae, Miss McGraw, Miss Gooder, Miss Doherty, Miss Vogan, the Misses Farmsworth, the Misses Harrison, and Messrs. Traselgh, A. Clubb, H. Harris, Sylvester, Williamson, Leadlay, Ellis, Radcliffe, McMullen, Hodgson, Harrison, O'Connor, Landy, Dawe, Dixon, Nolan, McCarthy, Walker, Mitchell, Murray, McQuillan, Standish, Ryan and T. O'Connor.

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Mrs. Laing's tea on Thursday of last week was well attended. Mrs. Laing and the Misses Laing were assisted in receiving by Miss Bertha Grantham and Miss Lily Maule. Among the guests were: Mrs. St. George Baldwin, Miss Baldwin, Mrs. and Miss Meredith, Mrs. DesBarres, Mrs. Grantham, Mrs. and Miss Drayton, Mrs. J. E. Thompson, Miss Gertie Thompson, Mrs. (Justice) MacMahon, Mrs. Aylesworth and Mrs. Sinclair.

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Mrs. Falconbridge gave a young people's party for her daughter, Miss Madeline, last Monday afternoon, at which a number of buds were present. Mrs. Falconbridge was assisted by Mrs. Allan Aylesworth, who presided at the tea table. Among the guests were: Miss Moss, Miss Addie Sullivan, Miss C. Falconbridge, Miss Vickers, Miss Drayton, Miss Hoskins, Miss Anglin, Miss Marion Powell, Miss Mulock, the Misses Ferguson, Messrs. Moss, Sullivan, McDonald, O'Brien, Scott, Jones, Baldwin and Mulock.

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The Board of Trade will hold their annual dinner at the Pavilion, January 5, the arrangements being in the hands of Webb.

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Mrs. Herold of Huron street gave a small tea on Tuesday afternoon. I remarked, among others: Mrs. C. Moss, Miss Moss, Mrs. and

Continued on Page Thirteen.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Special reduction in Gloves during the Christmas season
Lined Gloves and Silk Knitted Mitts.
Evening Gloves in all the latest shades to match any costume.
SPECIAL—Suede $1.00; Glace Gloves, 95c.
Novelties in Purses and Shopping Bags

Wm. Stitt & Co., 11 & 13 King St. East

Not a Lamp here and there, but a whole store full of them—all styles.

PANTECHNETHECA
116 Yonge Street
Shade frames, any size or shape, 50c. each.

It is QUITE EASY to buy HOLIDAY GIFTS from a Well Selected Stock of FINE GOODS All marked in Plain Figures At 3 King Street East

The J. E. ELLIS CO., Ltd.
OPEN EVERY EVENING.

Best Makes of English Cutlery
DESSERT FISH, GAME
KNIVES AND FORKS
In Sets and Cases
RICE LEWIS & SON
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ENTERTAINMENTS

Out of Town.

Belleville.

The jolliest meeting which the Young Ladies' Pedro Club has yet held was that which took place at Miss Davy's residence on Thursday evening. Miss Davy is a gracious hostess and possesses that innate courtesy and tact which make the successful entertainer, but Thursday evening's entertainment surpassed all her previous gatherings this season. The guests enjoyed themselves with pedro until 10.30 p.m., when refreshments were served, after which dancing was indulged in until 12. Miss Davy was ably assisted by her sister, Miss [illegible]. Among those present were: Misses Maude Kelso, Pierson, Denmark, Starling, Nelson, Elliott, Annie Wallbridge, Clara Wallbridge, Dickson and Messrs. Morden, Gillen, McCaulay, Parker, Thomas, Smart and Dr. McColl.

Miss Hilda Frost entertained the Junior Pedro Club on Monday evening.

The following ladies and gentlemen have joined the Young Ladies' Pedro Club: Misses Maude Kelso, Pierson, Denmark, Starling, Mabel Elliott, Wallbridge, Clara Wallbridge, Bessie Kelso, Dickson, Ella McLean, and Messrs. Roberts, Masson, Wallace, Campbell, Stewart, Morden, Gillen, Thomas, McCaulay, and Dr. McColl. This pedro club differs from the Junior in that all formality is forbidden, the ladies and gentlemen wear street costumes and the only rule which is rigidly enforced is that of mutual enjoyment and pleasure.

Mrs. Lambton Sewell gave a very brilliant At Home at her residence, Forin street, on Wednesday last from 4 to 7 p.m.

Miss Corby will give a small dance on Monday evening.

A very successful butterfly social was given by the ladies of St. Andrew's church on Monday evening. The decorations were very handsome and the tables were masses of flowers and yellow silk draperies. During the evening Miss Kathleen Bell and Mrs. Lyons Biggar rendered piano solos very brilliantly, while Miss May Clarke favored the audience with several vocal selections. Great credit is due Mrs. Sayler, Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. McLean and Miss Bell for their persistent efforts to make the butterfly tea such a brilliant success.

Mrs. Seymour of Madoc is the guest of Mrs. Denmark of John street.

Mrs. McKay's many friends will be pleased to learn that she has so far recovered from the serious accident which befell her several weeks ago as to be able to leave her room for a short time each day. Mrs. McKay, who is a sister of Mrs. Harry Corby, has suffered a great deal from the accident, but we trust she will soon be able to take her place again in the family circle.

Society very much regrets that owing to the recent death of Mr. Warrington's brother Mrs. Warrington will not be able to entertain at all this season. This is a serious loss to the *elite* of Belleville, for Mrs. Warrington's dinners and receptions have always been noted for their brilliancy.

The names of Miss Jessie Brignall and Mr. Stevenson were inadvertently omitted in last week's issue from the list of members of the Junior Pedro Club.

Mr. and Mrs. David Sinclair entertained a few friends on Wednesday evening in honor of the christening of their little daughter Jean.

Mr. Robert McCaulay of Trenton spent a few days in town during the past week.

BETSEY.

Brantford.

Miss Emily Brown gave a highly successful progressive euchre on Wednesday evening at the residence of her mother, George street. About nine tables participated, and the fun grew fast and furious until midnight. The handsome souvenirs were won by Mrs. T. Harry Whitehead, Miss Maud Brooke, Miss McLellan and Messrs. Watt, Muir and Curtis. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. T. Harry Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Van Allen, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Nelles, Mrs. E. Henwood, Mrs. Digby, Misses Pyke, Greer, McLellan, Nelles, Goold, Leonard, Brooke, Barr, Messrs. Leonard, Smith, Pope (of Chicago), Hazen, Muir, Curtis, Wallace, Stikeman, Haycock, Wilson, Morton and Reville.

On Thursday evening Mr. Alfred Wilkes entertained a number of his gentleman friends at his residence, Darling street. The occasion was Mr. Wilkes' birthday, and most royally was the event celebrated. Among those present were: Messrs. Geo. H. and W. A. Wilkes, Dr. Digby, Dr. Kelly, Dr. Henwood, Dr. A. J. Henwood, Dr. Philip, Messrs. Morton, Blackader, Robertson, Reville, A. D. Hardy, Thompson, Hately and Wilson.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the Dufferin avenue Euchre club was held on Friday evening, the club being entertained by Mrs. Charles H. Waterson. Besides the regular members of the club some dozen visitors were present, and a most enjoyable club was held. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. McK. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Blackader, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Waterous, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilkes, Dr. and Mrs. Logan of Chicago, Mrs. Henwood, Misses Crompton, Greer, Martin and Bown, Messrs. Kilmaster, Reville, A D. Hardy, Whitehead, Wallace and Morton.

Progressive euchre is the craze in this city at present, and following the popular lead Miss Brook gave a highly successful euchre party on Monday evening. About thirty friends were present. The handsome prizes were won by Misses McLellan and Griffin and Messrs. Muir and Reville. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Van Allen, Misses Bown, Bunnell, Nelles, Griffin, Goodson, Watts, Gibson, Greer, McLellan, Gould, Messrs. Muir, Reville, Smith, Jacques, Browning, Wilcox, Watts, Haycock.

The banquet to Mr. J. K. Osborne has not taken place at present time of writing, but it occurs Thursday night and will be over before this appears in print. The affair occurs at the King's House, and those having charge are bound to make it a big thing. The officers and committee are as follows: Chairman, Ald. C. H. Waterous; treasurer, Mr. Harry Cockshutt; secretary, Capt. J. S. Hamilton; dinner committee, Messrs. A. Robinson, Dr. Henwood, J. S. Hamilton, Allen Cleghorn, W. F. Cockshutt, Robert Henry, E. W. H. VanAllen, L. T. Whitehead, Thos. McLean; toast committee, Dr. Cochrane, Dr. M. J. Kelly, Messrs. H. McK. Wilson, Q.C., Wm. Watt, jr., Dr. W. T. Harris and G. H. Muirhead. In addition to the guests of the evening the following are invited: Messrs. J. B. Osborne of Beamsville, William Osborne of Hamilton, H. A. Massey, A. D. Massey, W. E. H. Massey, F. J. Massey, Hon. Lyman Jones, J. N. Shenston of Toronto, J. E. Patterson, A. S. Patterson of Woodstock, Lloyd Harris of London, Eng., T. J. McBride, R. H. Augur of Winnipeg, J. H. Stanton of Montreal, C. McLeod of Melbourne, Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred left on a visit to New York on Saturday evening. They will probably return home on Friday afternoon.

Mr. E. L. Goold of Chicago is in the city for a few days. Mr. Goold looks well and is delighted with his new prospects in Chicago.

Mr. Charles H. Waterous returned from a flying trip to Ottawa on Saturday.

Invitations have been issued for a dance by the Misses Goodson on Thursday evening.

AUDREY.

London.

The forest city could be well named the friendly city, as the people of this city do more entertaining during the season than any other in Canada. It seems to be a case of enjoy yourself while you can, as you will not be in London more than two or three centuries. The city is noted for its social clubs, and one of the most popular ever organized in the city is the Preston Club, in its fourth year, with a limited membership of sixty-five gentlemen. It gives a series of assemblies during the season; the first three will be held in January, February and March, first Friday evening, and with the present membership and the invitations that go out means about two hundred and fifty people to each assembly. Many attend from Toronto, Hamilton, Woodstock, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Aylmer, Chatham, Windsor and other outside towns, all sure of a good time and well taken care of by the committee. The club has been more than fortunate in securing good live and popular young men to act on the committee in the following: Dr. J. D. Balfour, president; Mr. W. L. Fitzgerald, treasurer; Mr. Wm. White, hon. secretary, (this is the third year for Mr. White to act as secretary and everything goes well under his care); Messrs. James H. Ferguson, Rich. R. Bland, Walter H. Morgan, A. R. Kingsmill, Wm. Spittal, Dr. Hobbs, John E. Bell.

Mr. Geo. C. Davis, the popular dentist who resigned the chairmanship of the Water Commission of this city to attend the Dental College, Philadelphia, has returned to the city for the holidays looking fine.

Mr. R. J. Milne has just returned from an extended trip to Vancouver and through Manitoba, much benefited in health.

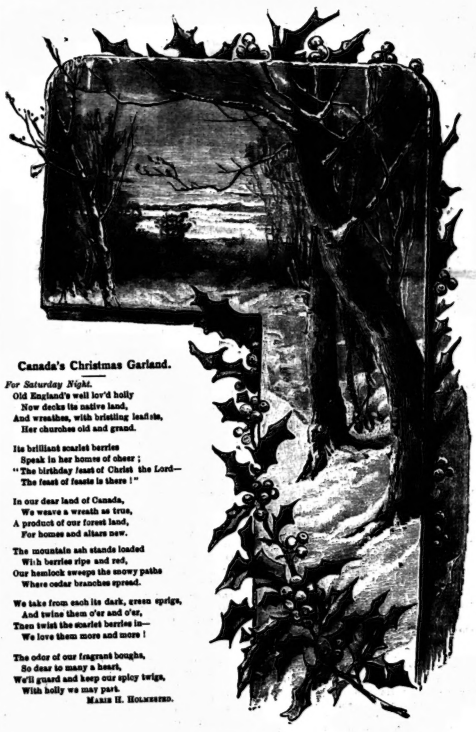
Stratford

The closing concert of the Collegiate Institute Literary Society was held in the assembly hall of that institution on Friday evening, December 16. The programme, which was excellently rendered throughout, was as follows: Choruses by the Glee Club, instrumental duet by Misses Beattie and Maud Mills, recitations by Miss Kate Brownlee and Miss Craib, solos by Mr. A. J. McPherson and Miss A. Sutherland, violin solo by Miss Bennock, and instrumental solo by Miss B. Hyde. The club swinging, bar bell exercises and fancy marching could not have been executed better, not one of the forty young ladies failing to keep exact time with the marches, which were played by Miss Maud Mills. The other accompaniments were taken by Misses Ellis and McKenzie.

By Wits Outwitted was played in the City Hall on Saturday evening to a small audience. The company is a first-class one and certainly did not receive the support it deserved.

Brampton.

A very pleasing dinner party was given to a number of young people on Friday evening of last week by Mr. and Mrs. Runians, at their pretty home on Alexander street. Among those present were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Broddy, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. G. Peaker, Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, Miss Beatty, Miss Bricker, the Misses Broddy, Miss May Graham, the Misses Neelands, Miss Perry, Miss Pearson, Miss Peaker and Messrs. J. B. Dixon, W. B. McCulla, E. W. Knowles, E. S. Howard, A. D. C. Broddy, R. Peaker.



Canada's Christmas Garland.

For Saturday Night.

Old England's well lov'd holly
Now decks its native land,
And wreaths, with bristling leaf rife,
Her churches old and grand.

Its brilliant scarlet berries
Speak in her home of cheer;
"The birthday feast of Christ the Lord—
The feast of feasts is there!"

In our dear land of Canada,
We weave a wreath as true,
A product of our forest land,
For homes and altars new.

The mountain ash stands loaded
With berries ripe and red,
Our hemlock sweeps the snowy paths
Where cedar branches spread.

We take from each its dark, green sprigs,
And twine them o'er and o'er,
Then twist the scarlet berries in—
We love them more and more!

The odor of our fragrant boughs,
So dear to many a heart,
We'll guard and keep our spicy twigs,
With holly we may part.

MARIE H. HOLMESFIRD.

A large and enthusiastic audience greeted Miss Jessie Alexander at her recital in St. Paul's Methodist church on Tuesday evening of last week. The encores given, and which were liberally responded to, were good attestations of the feeling of the audience towards Miss Alexander's undoubted excellence.

A very pretty and quiet ceremony was consummated at the residence of Mr. Jesse Perry, and in the presence of the near friends and relatives of the contracting parties on Wednesday evening of last week, when Minnie, daughter of J. Perry, and Alonzo E. Swartout, barrister, of Toronto, were married. A short tour will be indulged in, after which they will settle down to their newly made home in Toronto.

St. Thomas.

Our social ball began to roll rather late this season, it being late in November before anything in the way of gaiety transpired. During the last week of that month Mrs. George Scott issued cards for a musicale in honor of her guest, Miss Sherman of Buffalo. A delightful evening was spent in listening to most enjoyable music. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Coyne, Mr. and Mrs. John McCausland, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cochrane, Mrs. Rich, Mrs. D. McClarty, Mrs. D. M. Tait, Mr. and Mrs. John Baird, Miss and Miss Eleanor Hughes, Miss and Miss Annie Farley, Miss Ethel Rich, Miss McIntyre of Dutton, Messrs. Brierley, Stuart, Murch, Joy, Hartt and many others. During the evening Miss Alma Scott played magnificently one of Chopin's Polonaises, and Prof. Pococke gave two violin selections with his usual brilliancy. Miss Sherman, who possesses a rich, well trained contralto voice, and Miss Farley sang several songs during the evening.

Miss Ethel Rich gave a charming afternoon tea on November 17. I saw there: Mrs. Harry Jarvis of Toronto, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Nichol, Miss Scott, Miss Sherman, Miss Allworth, Miss Claris, the Misses Farley, the Misses Hughes, Miss Edith Ellis, Miss VanBuskirk, Miss Alice Gossage, and Miss Yenner. Those who contributed music were Mrs. Jarvis, and Misses Farley and Allworth.

Everyone enjoyed themselves at the evening Mrs. Herbert Lockwood gave during the first week of this month. A delicious supper, good music and the right people to meet each other made the evening pass only too quickly. There were present: Canon and Mrs. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. George Claris, Mr. and Mrs. J. McAdams, Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. John Kains, Mrs. H. M. and Miss Claris, Mrs. Laycock, Mrs. Rich, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Gilbert, the Misses Travers, the Misses Hughes, Miss McCartney, Miss Farley, Miss A. Gossage, and Messrs. Joy, Hartt, Stewart, Spencer, Forbes and many others.

An old-fashioned six o'clock tea was given by the Misses Travers last week. Those who sat down to the well spread tables were: Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. E. Nichol, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Laycock, Mrs. George Claris, Mrs. Beckett of Montreal, and Mrs. Paul of New York.

Mrs. G. K. Morton gave a small afternoon tea on December 14 in honor of her mother, Mrs. Paul of New York. Among those present were: Miss Ermatinger, Mrs. Lockwood, Miss Hughes, the Misses Travers and Miss Van Buskirk.

Mrs. Beckett of Montreal, who has been the guest of Mrs. Lockwood since September, returned to Montreal last week.

Miss Ermatinger has returned home from a three years' trip on the continent.

Mr. H. Walker, formerly of the Imperial Bank in this city, spent Sunday in town.

THOMAS.

St. Catharines.

On Thursday evening, December 15, the students of Ridley College gave a very charming entertainment, consisting of choruses, gymnastic feats, violin solos, fencing, wrestling, boxing and assault-at-arms. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Senkler, Mrs. Mack, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. J. O. Miller, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Armitage, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ingersoll, Dr. and Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Rykert, Miss Benson, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Merritt, Miss and Miss Helen Merritt, Miss Annie Benson, Miss E. Bates, the Misses Mack, Miss Roblin, Miss May, Miss McLaren, Miss Helliwell, Miss Neelon, Messrs. Kilgour, Chancellor Merritt, the Ridley College staff and others.

One of the most delightful At Homes of the season was given by Mrs. J. O. Miller on Friday afternoon, December 16, the hours being from four until six.

A large party of our young people were present at the Bachelors' ball at Niagara Falls, Ont., on Friday evening, December 16. A special car on the Niagara Central Railway was chartered for the occasion. A very enjoyable time was spent by all, and special mention must be made of the music, the good condition of the floor and the delicious refreshments. The Bachelors are to be congratulated on the success of their entertainment. Our party were: Mrs. Howard Helliwell, Miss Annie Larkin, the Misses Merritt, Miss Bate, the Misses Mack, Miss King, Miss M. Birchall, Toronto, Miss May, Miss Benson, Miss McLaren, Miss Dawson, Miss Bessie Clark, Messrs. Bate, White, McClean, Merritt, Helliwell, Dawson, King, Petry, Jemmitt, Senkler, Clark, May, Ramage, Chatterton, Macdonald and Sangster.

Mr. W. Archer Kilgour has been removed to the Bank of Commerce branch in Brantford. His absence will be deeply regretted by his numerous friends.

CHAT.

Ring Out, Ye Christmas Bells.

For Saturday Night.

Ring out, ye Christmas bells, once more;
Ye angels, swell the joyous strain,
And in the heavens chant it o'er,
Thus waft it back to earth again.

Bright sun, shine out, and let thy light
Repel the evil thoughts of man;
Help us to think and act aright,
And live as nobly as we can.

O! may no petty strife arise
To mar the glory of the day,
Let love unite all broken ties,
And chase the unkind thought away.

S.

Modest.

"You inherited quite a nice little fortune," said the lawyer.

"Yes," replied the fortunate youth.

"I suppose you will pay a lot of your debts now?"

"I had thought of it, but I concluded to make no change in my manner of living. I don't want to be accused of vulgar display."

THE Toronto Silver Plate Co.

Although we have had a remarkable busy season's trade, we have still a stock of Sterling Silver and Electro Silver Plate, amounting to about **$80,000 00** from which to make a selection. Owing to the fact that we are Manufacturers our prices are right. No illusion need be made to our Designs; they speak for themselves.

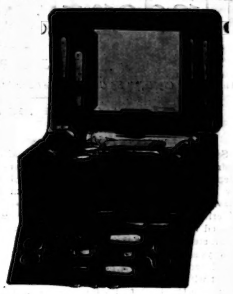
Why buy English or American goods of a similar nature when you can save fully **25 %** by buying Silverware stamped Toronto Silver Plate Co., and stamped in this way it is guaranteed, which in itself is of the utmost importance. As all Silverware, whether it be light plate or the heaviest, has the same outward appearance, and there is no way to determine the thickness of plate except by analysis or actual wear.

For convenience of customers, special arrangement has been made with the Toronto Railway Co. for the Electric Cars to stop at the door of the

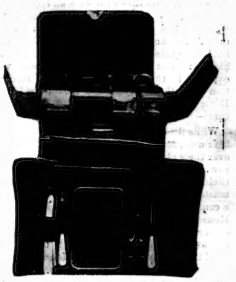
Factories and Salesrooms, 570 King St. West, Toronto, Canada

E. G. GOODERHAM, Manager — JNO. C. COPP, Sec.-Treas.

Fashionable Christmas Presents.

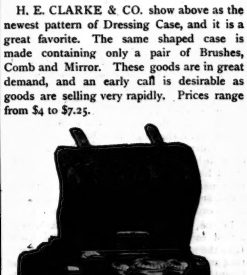


H. E. CLARKE & CO. have imported direct from the manufacturers a large variety of Leather Dressing Cases. The above cut represents one of the most popular patterns. It is of elgeant finish, convenient shape and choice quality. Prices range from $7 to $25.



H. E. CLARKE & CO. realize that a Leather Dressing Case is now a necessity to all who like comfort when travelling, and the above is an illustration of the favorite style of case. They have them in great variety, fitted either for Lady or Gentleman, and at prices to suit all. They range from $2 to $20.

H. E. CLARKE & CO. show above as the newest pattern of Dressing Case, and it is a great favorite. The same shaped case is made containing only a pair of Brushes, Comb and Mirror. These goods are in great demand, and an early call is desirable as goods are selling very rapidly. Prices range from $4 to $7.25.



H. E. CLARKE & CO. would draw attention to their Toilet Bags. They make the most acceptable present possible to be given, and they have a large stock of them to choose from. These Bags are arranged in various ways and are of different patterns, to suit all requirements. Prices from $7.50 to $100.

In addition to goods already described they carry an immense variety of Purses, Card Cases, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Pocket Flasks, Brush and Comb Sets, Manicures, Glove and Handkerchief Sets, Opera Glasses, Photograph Holders and Frames, Satchels, Writing Cases, Chatelaines, Inkstands, &c. They also have some very superior lines in Trunks and Travelling Bags, made specially for Christmas trade, and some Children's Trunks that make a very useful as well as ornamental present.

Store open in the evenings until after Christmas.

H. E. Clarke & Co.
105 King Street West

Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Czar," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

WOMAN'S INSTINCT.

Sally Mumford had put the infant son and heir of the Keiths to bed. He and his nurse slept in a little room adjacent to that occupied by the boy's parents. He had been named David after his grandfather. Pat Doolan, considering the child's form and promise, had suggested that Goliath would have been a more characteristic name that David. But Pat had always some lively criticism for every event, and he contended, in a professed serious argument with Sally, that when you named a child you gave the best to its future. Well, after all, perhaps it was just as well to be David and kill your enemy with a sling as with anything else, so that ye did kill him.

Little David Keith was perfectly oblivious of all Pat's philosophy and badinage. He had no inkling of trouble present or to come. He smiled in the most benign way upon Sally. His time was mostly taken up with an ivory tooth-promoter, as Alan called the fanciful toy which he had constructed for David's amusement. The hope and joy of the Keith household was quite a precocious infant considering his age; for at three months much cannot be expected in the way of an intelligent recognition of anything beyond the food provided by Dame Nature for the sustenance of her creatures—however insignificant.

While little David slept in the fond arms of his nurse, Mr. and Mrs. Keith sat up to talk over their plans and arrangements for the morrow. They would be up with daylight and get their household goods together, and assist the master to get his belongings. Their own were a comparatively small matter; but in the Great House there would be the clock to pack, the one or two pictures to stow away, the guns and swords, and all the kitchen utensils; it would be a heavy day's work. John Preedie's team would be needed, and Alan was thankful now that he had recently bought an extra horse at St. John's. He had two strong and steady animals, and the master had a pair. These, with Maxy's mule, and a donkey or two belonging to Jakes, the boat caulker, would make a good show in the way of carrying power, considering that there were three wagons and a couple of carts in the settlement, besides the old shay that had been brought from Devonshire when the master, years and years ago, had paid his one long visit to the place which he still called home.

They had little occasion for horses in a general way at Heart's Delight; but of late there had been something like a serious attempt at farming. John Preedie had done quite a business in potatoes, and had created a sensation when he had used a team of horses to haul half his year's product to the beach for St. John's. What ploughing had hitherto been done was chiefly the work of Jules Amien, but he was half a Frenchman, and he ploughed with a pair of oxen. Jules had practiced other economies in the matter of haulage and animal power. Not that Heart's Delight objected either to his dog-work or his oxen, only some of the fishermen were rather inclined to jeer at a man who hitched dogs to his boats to bring them ashore and beach them.

They were fine, well-trained dogs, the two that Jules called by the pet names of Lion and Tiger. Hannah Keith often paused when she was out of doors to stroke them, much against the jealous feelings of her own constant attendant Sampson. He was a fine specimen of the breed that takes its name from the island. It is doubtful, however, if what is now known as the Newfoundland dog belonged to the aborigines; it is more likely to have been the result of a happy crossing of breeds. Master Plympton described the genuine one as a dog some twenty-six inches high, with black ticked body, gray muzzle, white-stockinged legs, and dew claws behind. Since the days of Plympton the breed has still further improved, but even in his time there were fine examples of the Newfoundland dog, with proclivities for life-saving, and a capacity for friendship which was human.

In the matter of strength, Hannah's four-footed companion was worthy of its name. Like the master of the settlement he was getting on in years, and curiously enough had recently seemed a little unsettled as to the prospects of the country. At least Pat Doolan said so, but this was only said in confidence to Sally, and it might have been one of Pat's subtle jokes. You should have seen him when he was engaged in composing his bits of waggery for the behoof of Sally or the delectation of the men down at the fish warehouses or the stages; his small eyes would fairly sparkle beneath their gray brows, and his mouth would twist into curious shapes, intended to signify the extra value he attached to any particular statement he was about to make, or the fun of which was not to be controlled.

Pat was a thick set, short, stumpy fellow, with a closely-cropped head, big feet, a beard that tried to hide itself in his neck, encouraged thereto by the razor which he used every morning upon his chin and upper lip. He had a ruddy complexion, and even in his silent moments his lips were generally busy twitching in sympathy with the varied thoughts that were working within his inner consciousness. He had been in his time pretty well around, that belongs to the sea and seafaring, not to mention powder monkey, cook, and lastly bootswain to the master when the master had sailed his own ships to the chief port of New England with fish, bringing back commodities for St. John's, even on one occasion crossing the Atlantic and casting anchor in the port of Dartmouth, which had now the unenviable notoriety of counting among its seafaring folk the fishing Admirals Ristack and Ruddock.

Old Sampson, with his ragged black and white coat, was lying at Hannah's feet, she sitting on a low stool by Alan, her head on his knee, her thoughts running with his, and his full of reminiscences of his three years at Heart's Delight.

"I mind the first time I ever saw ye," said Alan, stroking her thick hair with his great brown hand. "I landed from the first ship that sailed in that season. It was The Hope, frae Yarmouth. The master was a Scotchman, hailin' frae Glasgae. When I strode up into the village I saw ye standing i' the porch o' yer father's house, the bonniest picter I'd ever set eyes on. Eh! but ye were Hannah! Ye just completely dazed me, ye did that!"

"Alan!" said Hannah, putting her white hand above her head to touch his that caressed her brown hair with the time he was speaking.

"It's true, Hannah, my lassie; and though I concluded not to return in the Hope and not to go back to Perth, which was my intention after I'd made Yarmouth—for there was a fellow there that sailed 'twixt that and Glasgae—I'd nae mair courage to speak to ye than if ye'd been just an angel frae heaven!"

"Alan," said Hannah, "you always exaggerate your want of courage in those days."

"Nae, not one iota, Hannah. I was just skeered at ye."

"Nay, Alan dear, not scared."

"I was most assuredly right down skeered; eh! But, Hannah, I did love ye!"

"I know it, dear; but I loved you, too, and yet I did not feel like that."

"Like what, my sweet lassie?"

"Afraid. Nor did I wish to make you scared. I remember as if it was yesterday, when my father brought you home to the Great House, that I was bent on making you feel very much at home and very content."

"Eh! but ye were awfu' kind to me, Hannah. It was then that I telt your father I had made things straight for staying at Heart's Delight until the next fishing. He was curious to know if I had arranged it wi' the admiral, and I telt him yes, that the master was a countryman, and knew my father in Perth."

"My father liked you from the first, Alan."

"Did he noo? Weel, that's as precious as a gude character frae the Mayor of Perth. I wouldna change it for a medal."

"You were afraid of me a very long time, were you not Alan?"

"That was I, indeed," said Alan, "ye seemed something so far beyond me; and so ye are."

"Nay, Alan, you think that because ye love me, and if ye had loved in moderation we might have been married, eh, I don't know how many months sooner than we were."

"I know how gude ye are to me, how much ye love me when ye say that, Hannah; but ye will allow (here he chuckled—it was nearly a laugh) that when I had yer consent I made short work about askin' ye to fix the very next day for the weddin'."

"Yes, truly," said Hannah, laughing in her turn, "a little encouragement soon made a man of you."

"Eh! it did that; I could a'most greet to think what would a'come of me if ye hadna taen pity on me."

"Pity!" said Hannah. "I loved you all the time, loved you then as I do now; and I love you to-day, if it were possible, more than ever for the kind and thoughtful way in which you have acted in this trouble of Heart's Delight; you made a sacrifice of feeling and pride, Alan. That is the sweetest, the noblest tribute you could pay to me, and the best thing you could do for our little David. All the women in the village loved you to-day, and God bless them and you for it."

"My dear little wife," said Alan, "there is naething ye could ask me I wouldna do for ye, but you mek too much of this day's business. I would tae God we could hae been left in peace for a' that!"

Just then Sampson sniffed the air and growled.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Alan, patting the dog's head.

Sampson, pushing his wet nose into Alan's hand, got up to rub his rough sides against Hannah in token of his double affection, his divided allegiance.

"Yes," said Hannah, as if answering what the dog might be thinking; "yes, we know, good old dog!"

Sampson gave a short bark of pleasure; but it was quickly followed by another low growl of alarm. He walked about the room uncomfortably, sniffing the air, and once bending his head down by the inner door of the porch.

"The pair beast knows we are about to quit, I mek nae doubt," said Alan, watching him.

"He is growing old," Hannah replied, "and with age comes what father calls intuitive knowledge. He has often told me that instinct in age often takes the place of knowledge; he always feels in advance the coming of joy or evil."

Alan general y grew silent or re flective when Hannah began to talk in what he called her wise and learned way. She had had a far better education than Alan, whose training had not been on books or at schools, except such books as treated of navigation, and such schools as had mere experience for schoolmasters. Hannah had always had the advantage of the education that priests can give, watched over by her father, who was a man of some learning. Alan often had sat and wondered at the strange knowledge which Hannah possessed relating to all manner of curious things, historical and otherwise. She and Father Lavello and the master would, on winter evenings, discuss questions of travel and discovery, even matters of science and works of art which Hannah had not seen or was ever likely to; but the young priest would describe the great pictures of Florence and Venice, and the treasures of Rome; and Hannah would look at Alan and wonder if they would ever see these classic treasures.

On this memorable night before the exodus of Heart's Delight, Hannah seemed to Alan to be full of wisdom beyond woman. "I sometimes think," she said, "that God also gives to a mother knowledge of things that is beyond books and teaching. Her love becomes her intelligence, her devotion inspiration. I somehow know to-day, Alan, that your love would hold your manhood in check; that you would keep a calm, unruffled front to the most agitating and irritating opposition. At the same time there entered into my mind a keen sense of regret that we had not taken our dear father's instinct of trouble to heart and sailed away to the Old Country on the very day when we married."

There were tears in Hannah's voice as she uttered these last words, and Alan put his great strong arms about her soothingly as he asked: "Would ye prefer that we do so now, Hannah?"

"If it were possible," she replied.

"Anything is possible that ye wish," Alan answered softly.

"I have no wish that is not yours, Alan."

"And I nane that isna yours."

"But your faith in the future of this place is so strongly fixed."

"It was, dear; I don't say it lana now; but what is that against your desire?"

"My father, I think, longs for an abiding-place in the old home of his fathers. He so often talks of it now. But Father Lavello says that comes with age, the memory of our youth is intensified. Don't you observe that my father continually talks of his father and what his father told him of Dartmouth and Bideford, of the famous pioneers, the busy ships with news from distant seas, the quiet homes, the rights to sow and reap without question, and every man's house his castle?"

"Why ye talk like ye might hae seen the old country yersel, Hannah."

"I have seen it in my dreams," she answered, "but it's too late, I fear, to see it in very truth."

"Nae, it's nane too late, my lassie. It wouldna be right to desert the neebors and bairns just noo; but when the settlement is once mair in some kind o' shape and ye still desire it, with the master we'll tek ship for the auld country, and welcome, Hannah. If Newfoundland is to continue under the heels of these licensed freebooters, weel, then, the sooner we're out o' it the better."

"Dear Alan, does your heart or your head speak in that sentiment?"

"Baith, my darlin', baith. It greets me sore to think o' the hairdships we've embarkin' on, gaeing out o' the village to seek a new restin' place; not that the Back-bay valley lana delightfu', that it just is; d'ye nae mind the ride we had ane day in the autumn, and ye ran aboot like a chell gathering the flowers? We hadna been married more than a month."

"Yes, I remember, of course, dear," said Hannah, "but I don't see in my memory the place you elect for the new settlement."

"Eh, it's just grand! I'm thinking we didna ride quite ease far as the bit o' pine forest; it's at the back o' that; wi' a fine stream o' pure water, a long sloping bank o' grass, a long level o' natural meadow, and soil fit for a garden. I ken the very spot where ye shall sleep to-morrow neight; I can tell ye, Hannah, that it's as easy as anythin' ye can think to mek a tent just that comfortable ye would nae imagine ye were not in a regular built and caulked house. Ye'll hae the shade o' the trees and the mottled heat o' the sun; and for the neight ye'll hae a bed o' skins and sheets and a the comforts ye hae possessed of just here in Heart's Delight. And I'm thinkin' we'll ca' the place Heart's Content, eh?"

"Yes," said Hannah; "Heart's Delight was heart's delight; but losing that Heart's Content comes next; yes, Alan, it is a beautiful idea and has an inspiration of submitting to Providence; but with you, dear, every place would be Heart's Content for me."

A low growl as if by way of protest came from Sampson, who was now standing in a watchful attitude by the door.

"Eh, man, what's wrong?" said Alan, addressing the dog.

Sampson came from the door and leaped upon his master, planting his great paws upon his chest and whining as if he would speak.

"What is it? Some puir devil wants shelter, or what?"

The dog leaped down and stood once more by the door, watchful and angry.

Alan went towards the door.

"Don't go out, Alan; it is some enemy, I feel sure," said Hannah.

On the other hand, the dog seemed to encourage Alan to open the door. He showed his teeth, fell to heel, growled and was impatient. The poor beast was conscious of its strength, and did not understand that there might be danger still for Hannah and Alan, although he was there to protect them.

The dog now suddenly dashed to the other side of the room near the door where little David was sleeping, then bounded to the window, and finally stood in the middle of the room bewildered.

CHAPTER IX.

A CRUEL CONSPIRACY.

"There are men about the house," said Hannah, in a whisper.

"Our neebors passin' by wi' their goods and chattels to be ready for the morrow, perhaps; somethin' unusual in Sampson's experiences; that's it, and friend, eh?"

Sampson wagged his tail for a moment by way of answer, and once more stood sentinel by the door.

"It is a very dark night," said Hannah, "and I'm afraid; it may be that those cruel men are back again from their ships."

"Nae, dinna fear that," said Alan; "they hae gin us twenty-four hours and it's rather to catch us in the toils o' some illegal act than to put themselves in the wrang they'll be scheming. I dinna fear their presence, my lassie, until tomorrow at sunset; and then, please God, we'll be cookin' our evening meal beneath the pines of Heart's Content."

"Don't go out, dear," said Hannah, clinging to his arm.

The dog walked quietly to the window, then sniffed at the further door, and with a grumble followed Hannah and Alan to the old cushioned settle by the fireplace, and once more disposed himself in a picturesque attitude at Hannah's feet.

"Good dog," she said, "yes, the bad men are gone; and I pray God we may hear no more of them until it is daylight, when we can see their faces."

"Hannah, you are trembling as if you had seen a ghost."

"Those men from the ships are about, I feel sure they are, and for no good."

"Nae, dinna fear; I am nae inclined to think ye are reight; Pat Doolan, by way of bravado, said somethin' aboot turning the two wee guns upon the ships. The man Ristack is a great coward, and maybe he would think it safe to dismantle the fort until such time as the removal of Heart's Delight is accomplished."

"Thank God they are no longer near our doors!" said Hannah, as Sampson seemed to be getting himself down more and more steadily to sleep. The old clock in the living-room of the Great House could now be heard as if afar off striking the hour of ten; it was very late for Heart's Delight. The note of time was echoed by a small timepiece in the annex which the Keiths had called their own domicile.

"Time's gettin' on," said Alan. "How quiet it all is!"

"Yes," said Hannah, laying her head upon his shoulder, as they sat side by side on the settle.

"It will be quieter in the Back-bay valley," said Alan, "for there ye dinna hear the sea; but the trees mek a music o' their ain, which lana much different."

"The sea is very calm to-night," said Hannah.

"Not a ripple on it," Alan replied, "and to think o' the Lord of Hosts lettin' yonder pirate ships ride at anchor as if they were on some landlocked mere; eh, Hannah, I ken a wonderfu' place where a man-o'-war might just sleep by the shore while the sea was ragin'."

"The lake you talk of by Labrador?"

"Yea."

"But a terrible place, Alan; the sailors see demons there; and it was taboo even in the earliest times when the natives roamed this island from end to end."

"It's a wonderfu' harbor; it's a dock made by nature; a sort of hide and seek for mariners. One day, when it's very calm weather as the noo, we'll just sail down the coast, and I'll show you the way; ye would think there was nae channel for a dingy, but there's a channel that would float a three-decker; a waterway as gude as the entrance to St. John's, but it's disguised; eh, ye canna guess how safe it's disguised."

They did Sampson an injustice to think he was sleeping. He had gathered that Hannah did not want the door opened. He knew that the men who had been prowling without had left the immediate locality of the house. He did not know that they had only gone down by the beach to take council once more by the boats. Bentz and Ruddock had heard Sampson's growl, also the voice of Alan. They had hoped to find all abed, both in the Great House and the annex. They had now to revise their plans in presence of a watchful dog, and a strong and wakeful opponent.

"Jim Smith," said Ruddock, "Admiral Ristack has trusted you with the command of this thing; I am only a volunteer. It's naught to do with my ship, it's Admiral Ristack's affair, and you are his representative, and, therefore, mind you on this occasion you carry the authority of the king himself."

"Very well," said Smith, "I am ready to do my duty, if I am rightly supported."

"Ye needna question that," said one of the crew. "If we dinna think much of our leader we hae undertaken the job, and they say duty's duty at all times."

"Aye, aye," said the others.

"Then," continued Ruddock, "my advice and that also of this loyal man, Master Lester Bentz, is that one of you have a knife handy for the dog, and the others crowd all sail on Keith and secure him at any risk, dead or alive, alive if possible, and gagged, eh, Master Bentz?"

"Just so," said Bentz.

"I shall try a subterfuge," said Smith.

"May a man ask what a subterfuge may be?" said Nicol, who was a very matter-of-fact Scotchman.

"Knocking at the door and begging for assistance, as if a body was in trouble, or say the fish stages are afire, or what you will."

"And then?" asked Ruddock.

"Well, the moment he shows himself seize him."

"And the dog?" asked Bentz, who had seen Sampson's teeth more than once.

"Mardyke undertakes the dog, with ten inches of cold steel."

"That's right," said Mardyke.

"For which duty well performed," said Bentz, "I, as a volunteer, am willing to pay out five golden guineas."

"Consider that dog dead," said Mardyke.

"Well, then, we are agreed," said Smith. "March, and take your orders from me."

"Aye, aye," said the men.

"And no one speak above a whisper."

"Aye, aye," once more was the response, and in less than half an hour Sampson, at the moment when Alan and Hannah had resolved to retire, once more showed signs of uneasiness, and at one bound, with a great loud bay, rushed to the door.

"What is it?" said Alan, following the dog, Hannah clinging to her husband's arm.

"A man in distress!" said a voice from without; "wounded, dying—help help!"

"Don't go out!" Hannah exclaimed, as Alan unbarred the door.

The dog crouched at Alan's heels ready to spring.

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect!!
Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

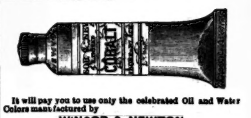
The Ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.
The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.
JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. Hoskin Redwood, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. De Haitas, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.
For Samples sent Free write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, MONTREAL.

Chase's LIQUID GLUE
A GLUE POT ALWAYS READY FOR USE WITHOUT HEATING.
STRONG—HANDY—DURABLE
Heals everything that Glue will Heal.
Small size for household use.
Special grades for Mechanics.
Don't Forget "CHASE'S."
Sold by all Druggists, Stationers and Hardware dealers, or sample by mail for 10 cents. GILMOUR & CO., MONTREAL.

Artists



It will pay you to use only the celebrated Oil and Water Colors manufactured by
WINSOR & NEWTON
Manufacturing Artists' Colormen to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY. These colors are low enough in price to be within reach of all. Don't spoil your pictures by using cheap German and American colors, if your Art Dealer will not supply them, we will.
A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL
Wholesale Agents for Canada, Manufacturers and Importers of
Art Materials, Leads, Colors, Varnishes

THE CHIEF CHARM OF A REFINED WOMAN
is her complexion. Why have Pimples Freckles spots or any blemish when Peach Bloom Skin Food will remove them all, and leave the Skin transparent, soft and beautiful?
PEACH BLOOM contains nothing that can injure the skin. It is clear as water, and leaves no trace of the application one minute after use.
PEACH BLOOM differs from any known preparation, in that it cleanses the pores of the skin from injurious accumulations, imparts health to the inner as well as to the outer cuticle, dissolving and removing Pimples, Blackheads, Liver Spots and Blemishes, and gradually brings about that transparent state of the skin that makes a perfect complexion.
PEACH BLOOM is in demand ahead of all cheap preparations, because it is merit, and because it produces the result we claim for it.
Sold by all Druggists, price $1.00, or sent on receipt of price by addressing WESTON CHEMICAL CO., 186 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH
TEABERRY

"Oh," groaned the voice outside, "don't leave me to die!"

Alan opened the door.

As he did so he was attacked by half a dozen men before he could strike a blow in self-defence. At the same moment Ruddock and Bess rushed upon Hannah, fastened her apron over her head and smothered her cries.

The attack was so sudden and complete that hardly a sound was heard beyond the first grating bark and growl of the dog as he leaped at the throat of the very man who, unfortunately, was best prepared for the assault.

(To be Continued.)

A Mono Mills Miracle.

A Tale That Reads Like a Novel.

The Story of George Hewitt—Helpless for Thirty Years—At Last Finds Relief in a Simple Way—The Story Corroborated by Reliable Witnesses.

Orangeville Post.

In several months *The Post*, in common with many other journals of Ontario, has been publishing accounts of miraculous cures in various parts of Canada and the United States. We must confess, however, that we have paid little or no attention to these reported miracles, and probably our indifference would have continued to the end had it not been for a little incident that occurred in our office when Washburn's circus was in Orangeville a few weeks ago. Mr. Stewart Mason, a respectable young farmer of Albion township, called at our office on business on that occasion, and as he was leaving we happened to ask him—a course generally pursued by the newspaper men in search of news—if there was anything new in his vicinity. He replied that there was nothing very startling, and followed this up by asking us if we had heard of the wonderful cure of a man named Hewitt at Mono Mills. We confessed ignorance, and then Mr. Mason said that from what he had heard it was undoubtedly another miraculous cure through the agency of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. We had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the various details of miracles in other parts were only a new and catching fake in the booming of patent medicines, that we must admit Mr. Mason's intimation of a genuine local cure at once excited our interest. We took a note of the name and quietly made up our mind to investigate the matter at our earliest convenience. We came to the conclusion that there must be something in it, for Mr. Mason, a respectable and reliable young farmer, would not for a moment be suspected of equivocating on a matter in which he had any interest, much less in one which did not concern him. A few days ago the *Post* despatched a representative to Mono Mills to make a full investigation of the alleged cure of George Hewitt. He first called on Mr. John Aldous, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, and after a few usual preliminaries asked him if he knew a man named Hewitt, in the village. "Is that the old man that wasn't able to move a short time ago, and is now getting all right so fast?" queried Mr. Aldous. The reporter nodded assent, and in less time than it takes to tell it the quill driver and the obliging Mr. Aldous were on their way to the neat and comfortable home of Mr. Samuel Benson, with whom it was learned Mr. Hewitt resided. The Benson home is in the eastern suburb of the village, and upon the reporter and Mr. Aldous calling, they were courteously received by the busy housewife, who was not too busy, however, to spare time to tell the *Post* all about her interesting boarder and his miraculous cure. Mr. Benson was not at home, and the *Post* at once suspected that a gentleman of between fifty and sixty years who occupied a chair in a corner of the cosy room, was no other than the famous George Hewitt. The surmise proved correct. Mr. Hewitt shook hands with the scribs, remarking as he did so, "I could not have taken hold of your hand a few months ago." When the object of the visit was announced, Mr. Hewitt, who is an intelligent, well educated man, began to dilate in glowing terms on the wonderful change that had come over him. "Shall I tell you the whole story?" asked he of the reporter, and upon the latter intimating his desire to hear all, Mr. Hewitt gave him the following narrative:

MR. HEWITT'S WONDERFUL STORY.

"In old Ireland, thirty years ago, I was scaling a stone wall one day when I fell backward and had my spine injured so seriously that a short time later I became almost entirely disabled. The fatal effects of the fall were gradually but only too rapidly felt, and looking back on a stretch of time extending five years over a quarter of a century, there is little more in the prospect than a picture of pain and gloom and suffering. About twenty-eight years ago I came to Canada and am known around the country here for miles. Until twelve years ago I could sit on a chair when placed on it and manage to move myself around a little. Then even that comfort was suddenly taken from me. One day I was unintentionally thrown off the chair, and the second fall may be said to have done all but end my life. There was not a ray of hope for me, not a sign of a break in the dark clouds. Ever since then my pitiable condition is known to everyone in these parts. All power to use either arms or hands, legs or feet, completely left me. I could be propped upright in a chair, but something had to be put in front of me to keep me from falling forward. Usually a chair like this," and as Mr. Hewitt spoke he lifted and drew forward a chair which was near him, "was placed in front of me and on this I would rest my arms. Not only was all power left my limbs, but every feeling likewise. Why, you could run a needle right into my flesh and I would not know what you were doing unless I saw the act. A myriad of flies might light and revel on me, but I would be in happy ignorance of the fact. When I was laid in bed I could not get up or move unaided if I was given all creation. The only part of my system in which any strength seemed to remain, was my neck, but at last even my head fell forward on my breast, and I was indeed a pitiable sight. My voice, formerly as clear and ringing as it is today, seemed to go like the strength and feeling from the rest of me, and sometimes I would scarcely be able to make myself understood. I know you hear me with incredulity, for you can scarcely believe that the helpless and hopeless invalid I have described is the man who now sits before you, cheery, vigorous and hopeful. On the legs, which a short time ago were helpless and seemed useless, I can now walk with a little assistance, being able last evening to go to my room with my arm on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. Why, man, a few months ago I could not do that on the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven." Here Mr. Hewitt stamped both feet on the floor with much vigor and enthusiasm. "In those days," he resumed, "if I ever wrote anything it was by placing the handle of the pen between my teeth and getting through the work in that way. Don't ask me if I tried the best doctors. I spent a fortune, thousands of dollars, in trying to get cured. I consulted physician after physician, and paid some of them high fees for their services. They all failed utterly and hopelessly failed, to give me the slightest relief. You can put that down in big black letters. Of course you have heard what has wrought this wonderful change in me. I read in the *Post* and other papers of the miraculous cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I never dreamed that there was even a glimmer of hope for me through the use of this much advertised remedy. Miracles might be worked on every side of me, but there was no chance for me. I was like the doomed leper, a hopeless outcast, a being whose sufferings and disabilities would end only with the period of earthly existence. One day I picked up a paper and read the Saratoga miracle, that case where Mr. Quant was so miraculously restored by the Pink Pills, and at once concluded to try the amazing cure on myself. There must be some chance for me, I thought, when a man who was as helpless as Mr. Quant got such relief. I had no money, but I sent for Mr. W. J. Mills, our popular and kind-hearted general merchant and postmaster, and he procured me a supply of the Pink Pills, and I immediately commenced using with the joyful result I have described. My voice is fully restored, my head is upright once more, my chest (once so shrunk and hollow) is rapidly filling up, I am quickly securing the use of my legs and arms, and can feel the slightest touch on any part of me. Is there not a miracle here, indeed, and would I not be a base ingrate if I refused to sound the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? Even if I get no better than am now I shall be forever grateful for what has been done for me. But I have great hope that the cure will go on until I am completely restored. I drove down to the village last twelfth of July. It was in April I commenced using the pills, and the friends who saw me could scarcely believe their eyes. It was like the appearance of a spectre on their apparition. "Oh, I tell you, sir," said the grateful man with enthusiasm, "it is my full intention to write a pamphlet on all that I have gone through, on all that has been done for me, and you may be sure that the chief prominence will be given to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a boon which cannot possibly be too widely known."

THE STORY CORROBORATED.

The reporter could scarcely believe that Mr. Hewitt's voice, now so silvery and resonant, was ever the squeaky, feeble and indistinct organ of speech he had indicated, and the scribe questioned Mrs. Benson on this point. She said that every word Mr. Hewitt had related was literally true, and on the question of the restoration of his voice she was corroborated by Mr. Aldous, and other respectable witnesses whom the reporter met in the village later in the day. Mr. Aldous said he was not surprised at the hesitancy of people about believing the wonderful cure. He did not think that he himself could credit it if he had not been an eye witness of the whole affair. He had known Mr. Hewitt for years, knew that his former utter helplessness was as he had described, and either he had to say it was not Mr. Hewitt who sat before him or to admit the miraculous escape. "These pills," said Mr. Aldous, "are certainly a wonderful remedy."

The reporter shook hands with Mrs. Benson and the cheerful Mr. Hewitt, and started forth into the street a doubting Thomas no longer, first promising to transmit to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Mr. Hewitt's lavish expressions of thanks for what their wonderful Pink Pills had done for him. "Here we are," thought the scribe, "in the cold and practical nineteenth century, but here's something right here in this little village of Mono Mills mighty closely bordering on the miraculous at the same."

After leaving the Benson home the reporter sought our Postmaster Mills, whom he found equally eloquent in his praise of the wonderful Pink Pills. "They're certainly a great remedy," said he, "and anyone that doubts this has only to be told about George Hewitt's case. I suppose you have heard the whole story, and there's no use in my wearying you. The pills have undoubtedly worked the amazing change that is to be noticed in Hewitt's condition. It was I first sent for the pills for him, and I can certify to the striking change." The reporter further learned that the Pink Pills were kept for sale by Mr. Mills, and that the demand for them was large and increasing. The representative of the *Post* conversed with many other citizens of Mono Mills regarding Mr. Hewitt's case and found all agreed on the question of his former condition, his restoration and the remedy. Everyone in and around the village, in fact, appeared to know all about the cure, and Pink Pills seem to be a household word in that section. On the *Post's* return to Orangeville Mr. Richard Allen, ex-warden of Dufferin county, dropped into our office. The ex-warden resides about three miles from Mono Mills, and was asked if he had heard anything about what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for Mr. Hewitt. He had heard all about the case, and was unhesitating in expressing the opinion that this was a striking instance of great results following the use of the pills. "I'm not much of a believer in wonderful cures I read about," said the ex-warden, "but I have known Hewitt for years, and this change in him is certainly astounding." *The Post* was surprised to hear that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were extensively used in this section, but after the Hewitt narrative was not surprised to hear of great beneficial results following the use of the great remedy. We are disposed to conclude from what some parties told us, that the base imitation business is already entered upon by unprincipled persons, and the public will do well to see that the Pink Pills they purchase have all the marks of genuineness advertised by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to the females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

EMBRANCE.—Your first letter was answered long ago.

DONOVAN.—This is a rather unfinished and crude study, which would not give a satisfactory result.

DUHAN SHADD.—I think I have answered your letter. If you have not noticed it, please let me know and I will hunt it up, or do it in next issue.

TOO-TOO.—1. This is a dainty and easy-going lady, fond of misery and partial to morbid fancies, very imaginative, not extra wise, idealistic and apt to study appearances overmuch, with a marked individuality and good discretion.

HILDA.—You are deliberate, contented, rather bright, fond of notice and rather outspoken. It is almost impossible to delineate backhand such as you affect; generosity, self-esteem, carefulness, self-assertion and a rather thoughtful tendency are shown.

PEARL.—You are strong in feeling, rather defective in judgment, fond of planning, and rather unpractical, careless of details, hasty, frank and not very well disciplined; self-esteem good, tact rather lacking, and rather a tendency to despond under trial. A very interesting but unwritten study, capable under proper care of fine results.

TOKEMTSEBOY.—This is a very complete and fine study, not so individual as some, but excellent and clear. The writer is generous, kind, rather careful and very clear-headed; judgment and perception are good, and some tact, sympathy, order, love of beauty and a decidedly optimistic tendency are shown. Fondness for society, changeableness in matters of affection, a vivacious and most pleasing manner are yours.

IRISH CANUCK.—You are ambitious and imaginative but with admirable balance and self-control, deliberate and careful; with wide sympathies and generous heart, but some lack of determination and force. I think you lack snap, but your deliberate methods are neither lazy nor careless, only very easy-going. Excellent sense, adaptability, frankness with truth and honor are also shown. A very pleasant study. A touch of ideality and romance are visible and perhaps a taste for change and novelty.

XENEPHONE'S BETTER HALF.—You are refined and cultured, candid, rather orderly and careful, slightly impatient and quick of speech, with very fine feelings, constant affections, and, if rather warm-tempered, never vindictive or mean. You will persevere to the bitter end, when your heart is set on it, and love your own way and your own opinions. While you are energetic and decided, you lack ambition, ideals and buoyancy. 2. I should say, if love delights in opposition, you are well mated.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—You are slightly romantic, fond of comfort, affectionate and by no means tactless, rather apt to manage and please people, on the contrary, if you take the trouble; you are not very easily pleased yourself, and though hopeful and rather self-reliant, rather subject to moods. Your judgment is impulsive rather than conserved, and may make you appear to disadvantage at times, but you are discreet and careful in speech; ideality and honor are shown, and I should judge pride would keep you from many lesser sins.

XENOPHON.—This is a very tactful, sympathetic and hopeful person, sweet-tempered, fond of beauty, decidedly fond of small jokes, a little bit "canny" in general, slightly ambitious, very systematic, orderly, and, I should think, very conservative. In some moods a very castle builder, and loving to let imagination roam, of excellent ability and discretion, but rather lacking in steady purpose. This character has given me some trouble. It is rather hard to place, but on the whole ought to wear well. 2. Thanks for hints about a trip east, but without a rock on the bosom of Mother Ocean no holiday suits me.

NORMEE T.—1. Your study was quite satisfactory so far as you could make it, but I cannot give you a delineation till your writing is formed. 2. The number of cards left when calling depends on the persons called upon. One for the host, of your husband's, one of his and one of yours for the hostess, one of yours for an unmarried lady who may be visiting, one of your husband's if the visitor be a gentleman, though it would be far better your husband should call himself. I am answering you as if you were the caller. No different rules are made for brides. 3. I know nothing whatever about palmistry, nor can I tell you of a good palmist in Toronto. 4. There is nothing to indicate such talent.

QUERY.—Your writing is certainly not bad. As to your suggestion that I should state at the head of the column the average time which must elapse between the reception of a study and its delineation, I am continually mentioning the dates of my studies as I delineate them, and as I almost invariably do them in exact order of reception, I think that should date them sufficiently. Your writing shows energy, ambition and originality of method. You are inaccurate and a little diffuse, but of undoubted practical ability and good common sense. Modesty and desire to please, rather a bright conception, but lack of tact, are shown. You are self-opinionated, honest, with a keen sense of fun, and, if somewhat difficult to please, still well worth pleasing. Affection is not marked, but you are not capricious.

He Quit for Good.

"No, boys, I'm going to quit—this time for good," said a melancholy young man to a crowd of cronies as they stopped him in front of a saloon and asked him to "take something." "You know I have been with you for years, and the 'painting' we have done has given this town a vermilion hue. But I must quit now. It may go a little hard with me at first, but in a short while I guess I will be able to rid myself of all desire for those jolly rants and revels that we have had together.

"Yes, the resolution is a sudden one, but it is none the less firm. You see, after I was married I quit you fellows for a long time and then gravitated back to you. It was not that I loved my wife any the less. I just got careless and thoughtless. Somehow I seemed to think that since I was providing her with all the material luxuries of life she ought to be satisfied. I didn't intend to neglect her, you know, and thought she wouldn't care if I did come down town occasionally at night.

"Since these nocturnal absences from home have become so frequent I notice that a change has appeared in her nature. Her sparkling vivacity that used to charm me cleverly has commenced to wane. Still she strives to appear happy. But she is not the woman she used to be. Her face has grown wan, her cheeks have sunk and the merry gleam has left her eye. When I arise in the morning with reddened eyes and no appetite, she looks at me pityingly and hugs the baby closer to her bosom than I ever noticed her do before.

"No, she has never spoken to me about it. You see, that's the devil of it. If she would just pitch in and give me a tongue lashing her sorrowing look wouldn't make me feel so like a dog. She just looks—that's all! Oh, no, she doesn't fear for herself except as I am affected. That look tells me plainer than words that she feels I am killing myself and will soon be lost to her.

"This morning she told baby to kiss papa good-bye. There was a strange pathos in her voice when she spoke the words that I never heard before. And then she turned away and broke into low sobs that she tried to hide from me. Good God, boys! I didn't think those things ever existed out of the novels or off the stage. That's the reason, I tell you, that I have quit. I like you all, know you are splendid fellows and that you are my friends. But—but—er—she's the best friend I ever had or expect to have, and—and—well, I'm going to be—be—her friend, too." The crowd dispersed. Nobody took anything.—*Washington Star.*

The Change He Wanted.

"So Nockdowne has left old Grits, the grocer?"

"Yes; he said he needed change."

"Umph! I heard the old man had put in a cash register."

A Promising Young Man.

She—We shall have all of papa's money when he dies.

He—If he keeps on taking my advice in speculation, we shall have all of it before he dies.

Nothing to Boast Of.

Mr. Baxter—From your letter, I should judge that you haven't much acquaintance with the English language.

Lately Landed (proudly)—The English language is it, sohr! Well, sohr, only a shpakin' acquaintance!

Unique.

Des Moynes—Miss du Luthe is the most remarkable girl I know.

C. de Rapiddes—You surprise me.

Des Moynes—When she introduces two men she never says, "You gentlemen ought to know each other."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

For Scrofula Catarrh Rheumatism Debility

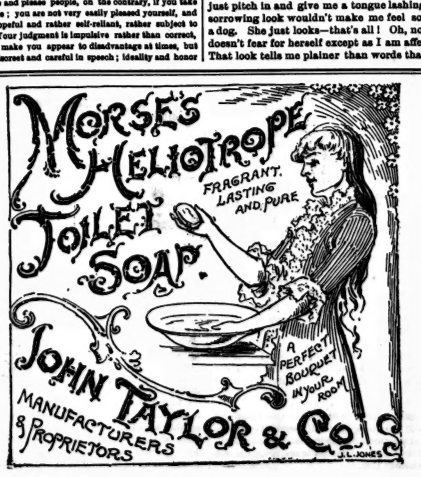
Does what no other blood-purifier in existence can do. It searches out the poisons of Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and Debility, and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. It is the great health-restorer and health-maintainer. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the whole system. Dr. C. D. Moss, of Cabell C. H., W. Va., voices the experience of scores of eminent physicians, when he testifies: "I have used AYER'S Sarsaparilla with abundant success. In tubercular deposit and all forms of scrofulous disease, I have scarcely ever known it to fail. As an alterative, it is beyond all praise, both for old and young."

"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried other medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured."—Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kans.

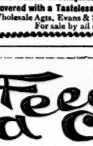
AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists

Has cured others, will cure you



"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."



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MEDICAL SCIENCE has achieved a great triumph in the production of

BEECHAM'S PILLS which will cure Sick Headache and all Nervous Disorders arising from Impaired Digestion, Constipation and Disordered Liver; and they will quickly restore women to complete health.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.

Wholesale Agts. Evans & Sons, Ld, Montreal.

For sale by all druggists.

Feed a Cold

Yes, but feed it with Scott's Emulsion. Feeding the cold kills it, and no one can afford to have a cough or cold, acute and leading to consumption, lurking around him.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

strengthens Weak Lungs, checks all Wasting Diseases and is a remarkable Flesh Producer. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

Important to Fleshy People.

We have noticed a page article in the Boston *Globe* on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy to Walker Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton place, Boston, Mass.

The High Speed Family Knitter

Price $2

Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from hosiery to factory. Coarse or fine yarns. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address

Cardon & Gearhart, Dundas, Ont., Canada.

PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION

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The Drama.

THE is beyond dispute that Wilson Barrett's visit is among the two or three most important events of the theatrical year, and many will rank it first. He is supported by first-class people and presents a bill of five notable plays, the chief interest centering, naturally, in his interpretation of Hamlet. But Ben-My-Chree, occupying the first two nights of the week, preempted my admiration and shall monopolize most of the space which I shall devote to the talented company that occupies the Grand this week. Most people have read Hall Caine's best novel, The Deemster, and those who have unfortunately never come across it, at least have been made familiar with its general plot through the newspapers in the past fortnight giving forecasts of Ben-My-Chree, which is a dramatization of it—the joint work of Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett. In its stage shape, it is an illustration of how hot blood and hasty speech and action can bring down an avalanche of disaster upon entire families. Dan Myrea, the good-hearted but headstrong son of the benevolent Lord Bishop of the Isle of Man, turns seaman, and by drinking and reckless living angers his uncle, the Deemster, a man of iron will and stern justice, and Ewan, the latter's son, Dan's cousin, a young man of pride and spirit. Dan is forbidden to come near his uncle's house on pain of being imprisoned as an ordinary vagabond trespasser, but Mona, his sweet cousin, hearing that he is down at an inn, drinking disreputably, sends for him, and the message of love sobers him. He comes, the cousin lovers converse, he on the ground, she at an open casement; then she comes down, but presently the hard father is heard making a blustering approach and Mona persuades Dan to enter the house until her father goes to his room, and then drop from the window and escape. Harcourt, the English Governor of the island, has tried to fill Ewan's high mind with mean suspicion of his sister with regard to Dan, and by one of those lamentable accidents the brother walks up just as Dan drops from Mona's window. Ewan curses Dan, but bids him escape before approaching friends shall see him and the honor of his family be ruined. The furious brother promises to deal with him on the morrow. Next day they meet, and Ewan piles all his bitterest reproaches upon Dan, whose hot tongue can but poorly explain to one whose spirit is as hot and unreasoning as his own. The brother draws his knife and dares the other to fight, who will not, and then he rushes on him to kill him. At last Dan draws, the conflicting knives glitter in a few furious thrusts, and Ewan is slain. Dan's fisherman friends try to hide the body, but fail, and the murder comes out. The slayer is filled with remorse, and at last when the Deemster and the Governor are holding court on the case, he enters and delivers himself up. He is convicted and sentenced to die, but up rises the Bishop and asserts his authority as Baron of the Isle and the only competent judge. The civil authorities descend from the judgment seat and then the old man pronounces the curse of solitude upon his red-handed son—he shall live alone and die alone, the same curse to fall upon any who speak to him, and death to be his swift punishment if he dares to speak to anyone. Harcourt proposes for Mona's hand and is rejected, whereupon he circulates the slander that her relations with Dan were improper; she takes an oath of chastity prescribed by the church in such cases; he replies with particulars and evidence of Dan's flight from Mona's window. Then Dan, who has been brought to the scene by his faithful follower, Davey, in defiance of the curse, rushes in and declares the accusation false. This means death for Dan, and when the Bishop with anguished heart declares that no power of church or state can avert the death penalty, Mona falls and her pure spirit passes away.

Of course I have scamped the plot and left out many of the important details. For instance, there is a fine scene where the old Bishop finds Davey brawling with the blacksmith and commands peace, and presently finds that Davey was going to fight for possession of the evidence on which his son would hang. The father's affection o'ermasters the principles of the prelate and he negotiates with the scheming blacksmith for the purchase of his son's blood-stained knife. Dan finds him lying there in hopeless grief and it is a most touching conference that follows. Miss Maud Elmore is well qualified to play Mona to Barrett's Dan. No better piece of acting is conceivable than when Dan stands in the garden talking to Mona at the open window. Their work is positively magnificent. Ambrose Manning as Davey Fayle supplies the humor of the piece and does it admirably, while Horace Hodges as the deaf old servitor surpasses anything of the sort I have yet seen. He not only acts the part of a very deaf old fellow, but he calls to his face the very expression always noticeable in a person so afflicted. Another touch of real life was given when the old chap, after being yelled at in vain, distinctly heard Davey call him an old fool though it was said in a voice of subdued impatience. Those who have had any experience with deaf people will readily recall some such occurrence.

Franklin McLeay showed something of his superior fibre in the part of the Deemster, but it is as the dwarf in Pharaoh that he distinguished himself. Nevertheless the house, led on by a group of 'Varsity boys in the gallery, gave him a decided ovation, reluctant to be silent until McLeay came before the curtain a couple of times. Austin Melford, as the Bishop, developed a surprising strength, of which his first few moments on the stage gave no indication. When he rose up and claimed his rights as Baron of the Isle to judge the prisoner, and then proceeded with Spartan fortitude to pronounce upon his son the curse of the church specially provided for murderers, he made the scene a thrilling one indeed. H. Cooper Cliffe showed a subtle conception of his part, and with his striking appearance, a face that a night's sleep will not remove from one's memory, he should do something effective yet.

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I find one fault with Wilson Barrett and his company, but it is shared by nearly all actors. Still, Barrett could afford to improve upon the practice of cheaper people in the respect to which I refer, as his one-time colleague, E. S. Willard, has done with much credit to himself. I object to the prompting, I suppose I should say the anxious haste, with which he responds to applause by appearing before the curtain at the end of every act. It has a tendency to disillusionize an intense admirer when one, who is regarded a great actor, seems to scramble to the front and trip over ropes to show himself in response to a few desultory hand claps from odd corners of the house. It cheapens an actor. Who did not put an enhanced value on Willard when they found that he put himself above the small arts of barn-stormers, and made people conform to his standards? Barrett and his excellent company should hold themselves at a higher price, for Barrett is strong enough to dictate terms.

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A large audience assembled in Jacobs & Sparrow's to see the production in Toronto of Scott's Rob Roy. The Scotch element was strongly represented of course, while the sister races contributed a large number of admirers of that author, who is so essentially everybody's author, and whose characters are so human as to be comprehensible to school children. I rather think that the writer of the drama now being played at Jacobs & Sparrow's did not keep this fact sufficiently in mind when he essayed the task of placing before us those who have been our companions and heroes from early youth, and the actors playing under these conditions are struggling against heavy odds, for while they are striving to render the imperfect creations of an author who does not know his audience, almost every member of that body is unconsciously comparing the actor's interpretation with his own conception of characters so clearly drawn by the master hand of Sir Walter. Thus it was a startling solecism to make Francis Osbaldistone, who is a thorough young Englishman of his time, being at a period when the habits and customs of the people north of the Tweed were but little known in England, sing Scotch songs, although he sang them well. Again it was a great incongruity to introduce extra persons into the prison scene for the purpose of joining in a song which had no bearing upon the case or indeed upon the whole play. On the other hand, the actors rendered their parts well in spite of the difficulties with which they had to cope. G. W. Gueville made a good Francis Osbaldistone and sang in good voice, although his articulation was at times imperfect and his gestures inappropriate. The part of Rob Roy was undertaken by Wilson Rennie, who appeared to great advantage in the tartan and evoked great applause from the galleries by the manner in which he scattered the hated Sassenach soldiers in the arrest scene. Mortimer Murdoch played Bailie Nichol Jarvie and by his clever portrayal of that cautious, shrewd, caustic merchant, who was not wanting in courage and kindness, provoked much laughter and applause. Henry E. Walton made a good Dougal Creature, ignorant, cunning, avaricious, but loyal to his chief and his interests. Mrs. Jullet Durand played Helen Macgregor and Miss L. Marconine took the *role* of Diana Vernon.

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The opportunities for hearing our popular reader, Miss Jessie Alexander, in Toronto have been so few lately, owing to her numerous engagements throughout the Dominion, that many will be pleased to hear of the announcement of her recital at the Pavilion on New Year's night, January 2, when Mr. Charles Roberts of New York will also be heard, and from the magnificent reception accorded this prince of American readers on the occasion of his last visit to Toronto, it is safe to predict he will be greeted by a representative Toronto audience. A novelty on the programme will be the presentation of a bright little comedietta, A Happy Pair, by J. Theyre Smith, giving scope for the display of both artists' varied talents.

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It was a large audience that turned out to the closing exercises of the School of Pedagogy Literary Association on Friday evening last. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor occupied the chair, and seated on the platform were Commander Law, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Deputy-Minister Miller, Dr. McLellan and Dr. Kirtland. The amphitheater of the Normal School was crowded to the doors, standing room only being obtainable. A splendid programme was rendered by Miss Agnes Knox, Miss Lilli Kleiser, Mr. W. J. Knox and the 'Varsity Glee Club. Addresses were delivered by Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, Deputy-Minister Miller and Dr. McLellan. A pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation to Miss Knox, by the students of the schools, of a complete set of Carlyle's work, it being the eve of the severance of her connection with that institution.

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Robert Mantell will be the attraction at the Grand next week, and it is needless to say that he will draw, as he always does, crowded houses.

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Midnight Special will occupy the boards of Jacobs & Sparrows Opera House holiday week. It is a strong scenic melodrama. There will be, in addition to the usual matinees, a special one on Christmas Day. MACK.

Hon. N. Clarke Wallace.

We give herewith a portrait of Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, the new Comptroller of Customs, and the popular member for West York in the Dominion House. A brief biography of Mr. Wallace may prove interesting. He is the third son of the late Captain Nathaniel Wallace of Woodbridge, who came to Canada from Sligo, Ireland, in 1834. Hon. Mr. Wallace was born in Woodbridge, County of York, on 21st of May 1844. He was educated at the public school there, and afterwards at Weston Grammar School. On June the 7th, 1877, he married at Ottawa, Belinda, youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. Gillmor of that city, and has issue four sons and three daughters. Was first Deputy-Reeve of the township of Vaughan from 1874 till 1879. Was elected Warden of the County of York in 1878—the only deputy reeve who ever attained that position in the county. Taught public school from 1864 till 1868. Went into mercantile business with his brother, Thomas F., under the firm name of Wallace Brothers in December 1867. In 1879 the firm built a flour mill, and have since then engaged in mercantile and milling, in both of which they have been successful. Was County Master, Provincial Grand Treasurer, and is now and has been for five years the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America. Last year was elected President of the Triennial Council of the Orangemen of the world. This council has jurisdiction in England, Ireland, Scotland, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and the United States, as well as in Canada. He was first returned to Parliament in 1878 by a majority over Mr. D. Blain of 202. Was re-elected in 1882, defeating Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Q. C., by a majority of 234. In 1887 he defeated Dr. Lynd of Parkdale by 528, and in 1887 had a majority over W. H. P. Clement of Parkdale of 806. Was chairman of special committee appointed to examine into the operations of combinations formed in restraint of trade, exposing and condemning their operations, which was unanimously adopted in Parliament.

But the record of Hon. N. C. Wallace in the House of Commons is too well known to require mention here.

Treed by a Moose.

NOW it happened this way, boys: Three years ago this fall I put up the frame of a house for Bill Smith, away back in the Nipissing District. In payment he was to take his team and drive me and my traps as far east into the woods as the trail went. Well, we started off early one morning, and after driving some twenty miles from the settlement, found the trail ended. We left our horses at an old lumber camp and pushed on afoot, carrying what we could. After tramping about five miles we stopped and started to pitch camp. Now, Bill was green and was troubled about a place to sleep. I told him to watch me, and cutting a sapling and making a notch in a big tree about four feet from the ground, I put one end of the sapling in this and the other end on the ground. Then I took my big blanket and laid it over it, weighing it down at the sides with stones. This made a place warm enough for a cat with a brood of kittens to sleep in. Next day we fetched on the rest of my traps and grub, and Bill left me.

I knocked up a bit of a shanty in a day or two and then put on five miles farther into the woods. How do I know it was five miles? Well, now, boys, anyone used to the woods and surveyors' marks can trace out the blazed trees and the corner trees and tell just where he is. I worked away some days, setting snares for rabbits to use as bait, and using my gun to fill my larder.

Then, one morning, finding all my snares full—no, I won't say full—but out 'of twenty-five or thirty, I got about twenty rabbits. Taking a pail of tea and some buns, with my tomahawk, traps and bait, I set out. I saw lots of mink trails, but what was the use of trapping mink, with the skins only worth twenty five cents, when later in the season they would be worth one-fifty? No, sir!

Well, I tramped on through a dismal swamp and at last came out by the side of a small stream and there found lots of tracks.

Now, the way I trap fisher and marten is to take a hollow tree, make a hole at the bottom, and after spreading some bait on the ground, take a forked stick and put a piece of meat on it, stick it up the tree, then put the trap at the bottom. If you don't get him by the fore-feet going up, you get him by the hind ones coming down, see?

Well, in a little while I spied a cedar stump broken off some twenty feet up, and on tapping it I found it hollow. So down I goes on my knees and with my tomahawk was soon making the chips fly. I just about had it through when a noise startled me. You may laugh, boys, but here was I some fifteen, sixteen or seventeen miles from a house and nothing but my tomahawk to fight with. You know I never hardly shoot over my trapping ground. Well, it did not sound like the snort of a deer, but was a kind of a roar. I kind of turned my head and there stood the biggest rip snorter of a bull moose I ever saw. Now, look a here, boys, I ain't lying, but so help me, it stood over eighteen hands, with horns like a rhinoceros and a beard over three feet long, his infernal black eyes sticking out like two india rubber balls. By the jumping jimminy I was skeered. You talk about being brave! I never afore was skeered of man or beast, but by gosh, this infernal thing just knocked the tar clean out of me. There was I on the ground and him just ready to charge on me. Quick as a flash the thought struck me and I hopped round to the other side of the tree. The moose jumped too, but I was too spry for him and he charged right into the stump. Lucky for me it was sound, for had it been rotten I would not have been here to-day. Now there was I on one side of the stump and that brute on the other, pushing and roaring like a wild bull. Looking behind me I saw a couple of small birch trees growing out of an old pine stump, and I made for them, never stopping till I was up at least fifteen feet. Then I looked down and there was the brute, his ugly head almost touching my moccasins and bellowing with rage. Now I found myself safe I got braver, and says I to him, "You old gol dratted scoundrel, git me now if you can."

Well, I'll be blamed, boys, if he didn't just turn tail and put out into the woods like as old Nick was after him. You can bet your boots I was tickled nearly to death. You see, like as not, the brute had never heard a man speak before, and just as soon as he heard my old fog horn, that settled it, and off he went.

As soon as I saw my way clear you can bet I put off to the camp in a hurry, and never during that winter did I go out without my rifle again. No, I never saw the brute from that day till this.

Yes, I don't mind if I do take a little something hot; it's pretty cold these times and I ain't as young as I used to was. UNCLE S.

To Fidus the Beloved.

It was you who held the victim when we discovered that my doll was stuffed with sawdust. Forgotten Christmases, their joys, their glories, long departed, come back to me undimmed by a single disappointment. Which of those who knew you could think of Christmas without remembering you?

Memory has made it all beautiful, the new wax doll of the sawdust, alike glorious. The Christmas when I discovered a passion for peanuts and sat under a table all the morning with a surreptitious soup-plate full, to hate peanuts ever after, is as ardent a Christmas joy as the one when we drifted on a cloud of glory to the mansion of a paternal ancestor where the days were not long enough to hold the pleasure. Short skirts and knickerbockers, painful memories and the revelry of unregenerate childhood mingle with reminiscences of Barmecide feasts and consequent fasts alike sweet to think on because shared with you. Do you remember the Christmas when we testified like any little Methodists before a room crowded with our astonished elders, that we had received the gifts for which we had prayed? What would I not give for equal confidence now! By such tribulations we developed the sacred passion for handing down these joys and glories to our successors.

I know not on what distant shore you may wander, but to-night I am sure your heart is tender with recollections such as these. We were not worldly-wise, but we were happy then. It did not require great sums of money to purchase our felicity. We glorified our new treasures with imagination, most precious of childish possessions. What mystery or magic is there about a talking doll, or a moving train of cars, common, glittering, expensive? We shared our gains, that was the secret.

No heart is so unfortunate as not to possess memories of such friends. For their sake, the faithful and beloved, let us spend a happy Christmas still. PENNY.

How He Did It

The Successful Citizen and his English Friend stood upon a busy corner in the heart of the city.

"Yes," the Successful Citizen was saying, "all that block is mine and the taxes on it alone amount to a very snug little income."

"And yet you wrote us ten years ago," remarked the English Friend, "when you left Manchester for this country that things were positively dead here, that although you had a dozen trades at your finger-ends, it was utterly impossible to get a situation; that——"

"That hundreds were out of employment like myself," broke in the Successful Citizen. "I did, and now look at me." His portly form was indeed goodly to gaze upon.

"Why," he added in a whisper, and with a glance around, as though he were about to disclose some dire conspiracy, "they want me to run for alderman!"

"And how did you do it?" asked his admiring friend.

The Successful Citizen inflated his chest, thrust his hand in his bosom and with a proud smile of triumph replied:

"Opened an employment bureau."

UNCLE ARTIE.

Justly Offended.

"Coming down yesterday morning," said a rather pretty girl on a King street motor car to a friend, "I never paid anything. I had my ticket in my glove all ready, but the conductor never asked me for it, and if I could save a ticket I intended to do so."

Just then the conductor said "Fare!"

"Why I gave you a ticket when I got on at Gwynne avenue," said the fair one.

"So you did; I beg your pardon, miss.

Then the rather pretty girl turned to her friend and almost screamed, "It's an outrage to be asked twice for fare. I've a mind to report the man and teach him a lesson."

CLAWED.

Memories.

For Saturday Night.

O dear! what detestable weather!
And how the wind whistles and plains,
As though all the demons together
Had burst their undignified chains!
Just look at that flood in the gutters,
Just mark the wild rain how it pours;
Come, Mary, let's close up the shutters
And make ourselves cozy indoors.

I'll pile up the maple and cedar,
They'll surely some comfort impart—
Then you to your novel by Ouida,
And I to the rhythmical art.
For, what brighter scene could inspire
The flight of a poet than this—
Such a wife, such a chair, such a fire,
Would make even poverty bliss!

How cozy the room! and the embers
How gayly they flicker and gleam!
Bringing visions of vanished Decembers,
When life was a murmurous dream.
And I roamed through the depths of the wildwood,
Or war-dance and paperchase led—
To bright, happy days of my childhood,
How quickly, how quickly ye fled!

Close at hand I've a bundle of letters
I've treasured for many a year,
Bound links in life's lengthening fetters,
And blotted with many a tear.
For the fingers which fashioned the phrases,
Dear lips have so often expressed,
Long since cleared the wildering mazes,
To pass to Eternity's rest.

Here's a line from a chum who died fighting,
In Africa, years ago;
Ever ready when war was inviting,
He fell with his face to the foe.
Grand, true-hearted hero and simple
Aye, Scotland has many a man
Made of stuff like the gallant Dalrymple,
The pride of his warrior clan.

Here's one from poor Anthony Freeland,
I wonder what's come to him now,
Since he fled to the wilds of New Zealand,
To handle the sickle and plough—
Whom we thought such a ninny at college
By a fond mother's apron strings bound;
Drinking in with his scholarly knowledge,
Grave morals refreshingly sound.

Ah! well, we have all of us squandered
Our talents in years that have passed,
And the paths where our footsteps have wandered,
With clouds are forever o'ercast.
And 'twere better are carping at others,
Whose folly their sense has outgrown,
We should look, loving sisters and brothers,
At some and little sins of our own.

Here's one from a delicate maiden,
I knew in a balcony time,
When we lived in a luminous Aiden,
Where pealed a perennial chime.
And we prattled thro' sunshiny hours,
Or wrangled in innocent strife,
Ever culling the sweetest of flowers
Which grow on the margin of life.

She has gone—but her memory hallows
The years of that delicious time,
When we waded knee-deep in the shallows,
Or sportively played on the green,
Or listened where high on the branches
The birds carolled early and late,
Ever heedless of dread avalanches
Hurled down by the fingers of fate!

Here are letters from warrior cousins
Who are dearer than brothers to me;
Here are letters by tens and by dozens
From others far over the sea;
And here, in the center reposing,
With its face ever open to view,
Is a letter, a likeness enclosing,
And the likeness, dear friend, is—of—you.

Of you as you were when I knew you
Down there on the Devonshire coast,
And in fancy I ever endue you
With traits that I cherish the most,
For I know that though years now grey quiescent,
Now rough, may have furrowed your brow,
Yet the past but foreshadowed the present,
And what you were then, you—are—now.

F. M. DELLFOSSE.

Twenty-Five Years From Now.

For Saturday Night.

Twenty-five years from now, my boy,
And you will be like me;
This in the cheek, and gray in the head,
And sick of the world, maybe.
And you will have learned why hearts grow sad,
And wrinkles line the brow;
And pleasures are only empty things,
In twenty-five years from now.

In twenty-five years from now, my son,
Wee year-old Jock will be
A youth, looking out on the world like you,
And you will look back, like me.
And Jock will have dabbled in love, I guess,
With kisses, and cupid's vow.
May he never have broken an honest one
In twenty-five years from now!

In twenty-five years from now, dear lad,
If I am still alive,
I will be old and bent and lame;
For I will be seventy-five.
So I feel quite young and lithe to-day;
And so I will not how,
When I think we will both be growing old
In twenty-five years from now.

But in twenty-five years from now, my boy,
Though it seems an eternity,
There is plenty of good for the world to do,
And plenty for you and me.
And plenty of things for Jock to know,
Though his mother would wonder how;
And endless things for us both to learn
In twenty-five years from now.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

A Winter's Day.

For Saturday Night.

All day the clouds have drifted overhead
With threatening mien. All day the chilling wind
Has moaned, and shrieked, and whistled thro' the trees
Unceasingly, and the dead leaves
Have whirled about the dismal boulevards
In circling eddies. There is not a sound
Of bird notes anywhere, and all the flowers
Have die ppeared and left their withered stalks
To shake in the sun. The evergreens
Before my study window wears a look
Of dark foreboding. Snowflakes fill the air,
And in the street the ice King works his spell.
Meanwhile I saw the hope of Nature die
When summer's brightness faded from her face,
And now she sits in deep solemnity
Reflecting o'er the days when all was life
And freshness; when the brooklet babbled free,
And birds sang forth their sweetest roundelays,
And she seems dolorous that these are gone.
Despite o'an this some happiness remains,
For as I look across the dreary street,
There at my neighbor's window I can see
The faces of sweet children bright with joy;
And as they laugh and clap their little hands,
And dance about in all their childish glee,
I know they are not sorry that it snows.

Toronto, Dec. 5, 1892. MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

Between You and Me.

I WISH you all a Merry Christmas, dear reader friends, and to many of you I would like to say how much your goodness and kindness have helped to make this Christmas happier for your own Lady Gay. A lovely home mother said to me one day lately, "I had not the least idea who you were, I only knew you as Lady Gay." Well, that was just a sweet sentence to me, for the lady had been so bright and cordial that I had fancied she must have had full information as to the eligibility, local habitation and name of the woman she was nice to, and all the time she was wholly in the dark, and had only visited with me once a week in this cosy little column. It seemed so delightful to think that other men and women were ready to be good to me, that I felt like marching up to the first amiable creature I encountered and demanding "more," like Oliver Twist. In any case, to all you nice people whom I may yet live to know and hobnob with, I do wish very heartily a Happy, Happy Christmas!

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I went out one night lately to the Home for Incurables, and I can't tell you how the visit haunts me. I came home in the most overcome and pessimistic humor which I've ever attained to. Incurables! There is a world of pathos in that word! No looking forward through mists of pain to days of pleasant health! No more dancing steps and merry songs, no more hard work and sweet repose, no more, but pain and weariness and restricted life to the end! I grew impatient of it all, and said in my haste "Better away from life than lingering thus to death," and on my hasty words came a gentle remark from a wise old man who heard them, "How much better they are in here than around the city without care or treatment!" And since I heard those words I have grown reconciled to the Home and its maimed and helpless inmates, a holy gleam of love and sympathy and patience shines over its tall walls, and I feel that it was worse than impatient of me to wish for the end of those helpless ones. Their cross is idealized from its sordid pain and weariness by the atmosphere of love and care and protection which enwraps them tenderly, however unlovely they may be, and I am sorry for my own self that I was so slow to see the beauty of the work done at the Home for Incurables.

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I amused myself—if one could amuse oneself in such a sad surrounding—by wondering if there were not some mental trait which answered to each physical ill which had been voted curelessness. It was surprising how many seemed to have their counterpart, and yet are they incurable? Is the ease-loving, pride-inflated, bigoted or prejudiced one as incurable as the paralyzed, or the stiff-necked, or the twisted and warped people one sees out there? Let us hope not! Let us hope that there is a motor strong enough to set the indolent will agoing, and a revelation clear enough to show the proud their true worth, and a love wise and patient and clever enough to straighten the cruel warps of ignorance and self-will! Let us believe it and take courage, else the ills of this earth will leave us, as the first thoughts of the Home for Incurables left me, with only death as a resource!

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I must tell you about a lovely experience I was let into one day lately. A little mamma, whose small boy and girl are two years and two months old, respectively, allowed me to help her in selecting the fixings for a nursery for the "wees." She had some rather advanced ideas as to what was needed for her purpose. "Have a looking-glass," I suggested, but she did not listen to me. "Have this chromo of Red Riding Hood and the wolf," I ventured. "The person who wrote that abominable tale ought to be whipped," she said fiercely. "Do you suppose I'm going to have my babies terrified and agonized as I was by that horrid grandmother-eating wolf!" "Well, here's an Infant Samuel." She took that, and four lovely photos of the Seasons, and Day and Night, and Mary's Little Lamb—with a very sweet Mary in a blue hood, and she bought angel and flower pictures and mottoes, and a very few toys, mostly quiet ones for table play. "I am going to put my large crayon of Raphael's Madonna in the nursery," she remarked. "I want it when I talk to Bee on Sundays, and every evening I want her to say goodnight to that little Saviour." I remarked that Bee might imbibe the notion of image worship. "Oh no," said the little mamma seriously. "That won't come into her head. I want her to grow up with that little Saviour as her dear friend. You know, children dream and fancy a great deal more than grown folks, and I want my little ones to turn their imagination as high as possible." I am not a bit afraid that Bee and Bunny will grow up pale-browed prigs, for if ever there were two bouncing babies they are those two, and they will come honestly by a large number of lively and utterly earthly traits by the law of heredity, but whatever the little mamma can do in the way of tactful influence of word and surrounding is surely going to be done for their higher life.

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I wonder why she didn't want a looking-glass! I don't think people look in the glass half enough! I don't believe that if a fashionable woman who is inclined to *decollete* gowns calmly studied the effect for ten minutes before the looking-glass, she would have the cool nerve to dispense with at least a tucker. Is she thin, let her count the bones and sinews that start up reproachfully as she breathes, and verily she will demand yards of *tulle* and *chiffon*; is she stout, a few moments' calm observation of her bulging charms will surely add an inch or two to her corsage. It is serious discipline to face the looking-glass, and, as I said before, I don't believe it is practiced enough in a general way.

*

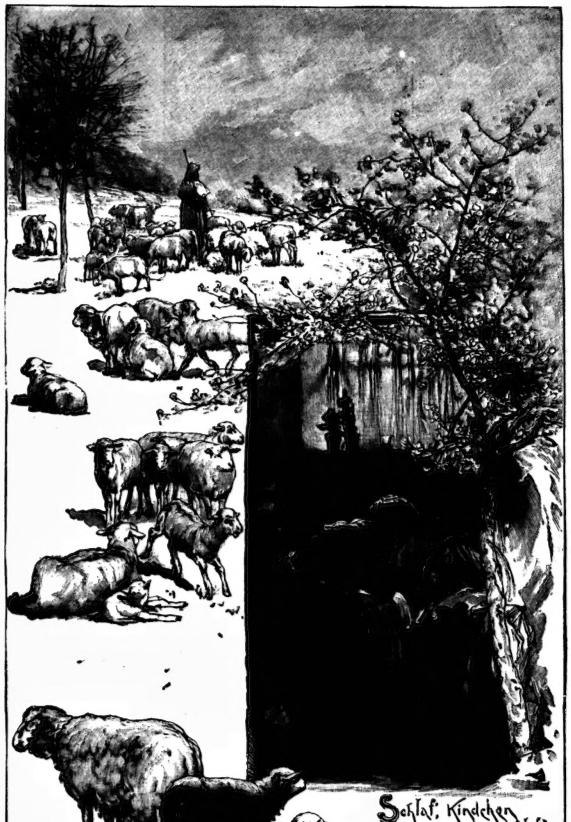
Sometimes one gets too much of it; especially if the mirror of one's mind be the reflector. I may be rash and impetuous, but, between you and me, I am devoutly thankful I am not too cautious. I helped a man to make up his mind one day lately, when I could ill spare the time. I propped his weak stays, cut away a few loading strings, discreetly overlooked some exasperating corners, and congratulated myself when he announced that his mind was finally made up. That it was made while my back was turned, that the making of it was love's labor lost, and that it will be the last time, goes without saying. I should not want a mind nor a feather bed that needed to have every separate plume and atom picked over and aired before making up, but, when once the job was done, I think I'd leave it so! But perhaps nationality was a wee bit to blame, for the man was a canny Scot, and I, well, you know what I am! LADY GAY.

The Anniversary

A Wonderful Day on which the World might have come to an End with a Flourish

BY MACK.

THE little village had never seen such a day because there never had been such a day for it to see. It was the biggest day in the world. All the children and all the young people, and all the old people had been talking about it, and dreaming about it, and rehearsing songs and recitations and dialogues for it, and getting new clothes to be worn at it, and trying new cooking recipes with a view to bringing out something sufficiently magnificent to at least mildly suit the occasion.



Of course there had been Sunday school anniversaries held every Christmas Eve since—well, since long before anybody was born; that is, anybody except awful old people like grandma. But this was different. This was glorifyingly different. In the first place, wasn't father going, who had never gone before; wasn't mother baking twice as much for it as she ever did; wasn't big sister Jennie going to wait on the table just "as laughin' and as talkin'" as all the other girls, and maybe she wouldn't see if Pete and Minnie and Archie wanted anything that was away down the table somewhere; and w-a-s-n-'-t Minnie going to give a recitation all by herself on the big platform with evergreens on it, without crying a bit; and were Pete and Archie going to give a dialogue?

Talk about days! Why, this was the one particular day out of forever and ever.

A week ago Bob had got the sleigh-box out of the driving-shed and fastened it on the long sleigh with which he had been hauling cordwood. They washed it up with wisps of straw and a pail of warm water, and half filled it with armfuls of straw for the youngsters to sit in when driving to the anniversary. And Bob got down the double harness and brushed and oiled it until every inch of it shone like new again.

When Minnie was saying her prayers at mother's knee she could not give her mind to it and piously murmured, "Three little kittens they lost their mittens," the words of her recitation; and Pete and Archie were heard in the middle of the night going over their dialogue. The week preceding the event seemed longer to the children than a year of grown-up life would prove to be later on. When one is aged four or six, time mopes along or scarcely moves at all, but when one becomes forty or sixty, then time gets up terrific speed and denies repose to any. At six we outstrip it; at sixty, fagged, limp and abject, we are dragged behind those tireless wheels. In a long distance match time is a winner.

But now the afternoon had come at last. It would be cruel to mention the forenoon—but terrible forenoon of anxiety and runnings in and out, up and down. Bob had hitched the colt into the cutter and dodged into the village about ten o'clock, bringing back marvelous reports about the decorations in the church and the immensity of the crowd that was expected. Dinner was a feverish ordeal. Father didn't eat much because he said he was feeling only middlin' well, and mother—not to hurt his dignity, for she knew that excitement was his only ailment—looked concerned and said she'd better rub some goose grease on the bosom of his "gansey" before they ventured out in the weather. But father, knowing in his heart that goose grease couldn't cure him, perked up some and took another potato. Mother tried to eat something to encourage the children, but to save her life she couldn't help running to the window to see the neighbors go flying past with sleigh bells jingle-jangling, which of course caused every chair to be emptied pell-mell, except grandma's. She, good soul, nibbled away, and chuckled, and simpered, and exclaimed, "Lord save us," on hearing startling news from the window, and then would ask Jennie for the tenth time if she was warming the stone jugful of water to put at her feet in the sleigh.

Then almost before they knew it, Bob, with the colts hitched to the sleigh, came swinging around the corner of the house and yelled for them to come on. The baskets were ready; Minnie stood waiting with a shawl enveloping her from head to foot and trailing behind on the floor; Archie and Pete each had one of Bob's coats on over their own and reaching to their heels, also mufflers wound around them fourteen different ways, known only to grandma—why, when they came to look around everyone was ready! Bob couldn't leave the colts; somebody else had to bring out the baskets, and who else should do it but father! Then Pete made a rush for the sleigh, too excitable to wait to be carried, and as a penalty for his rashness, found himself stuck in snow up to his waist. But, tut, he didn't mind that.

Couldn't those colts go? And didn't everybody soon get ruddier cheeks than ever as they flew through the keen air? The village seemed to be full of swirling sleighs and cutters, but Bob knew a thing or two, make no mistake about that, and when he left the family at the church gate he soon had the colts comfortably stabled.

The basement of the church was a scene of more than earthly splendor. Evergreens on all sides, and down the center long tables just covered with all kinds of tea-meeting cakes. The preacher and several other preachers, and all the local preachers, and all the nice women of the church—and some who were only nice at Christmas—all shaking hands and laughing with everybody they could get within distance of. It was enough to make a boy crazy. Pete said, "Come, let us go to Sun-day school," but Archie was so ratt'ed that he did not know at first that Pete wanted to practice the dialogue, and blest if he could think of his part when he tried.

Supper commenced at four o'clock and continued until seven, the children all sitting down to the first table. Sly little Pete managed to wiggle in for a second meal about six o'clock, and Archie hunted up his mother to sob out the awful news of his brother's depravity, but was mollified with a piece of layer cake. The boy is certainly the father of the man. Many a valiant exposer of evil is such in hopes of getting a chunk of layer cake.

The bigger girls and boys all had "lossingers" and were carrying on brave love-making across the church. The little shavers who were quick at snatch and scramble fared gloriously, and many a tender message fell short of its aim and went down the neck of the irrepressible Pete. He didn't know how he was tearing up the path of true love, but he was saving a lot of candies from waste.

At last the preacher came out and announced that the unexpected honor of being chairman had been thrust upon him and the programme would open with a song by the school. And didn't everything go off lovely, and wasn't everything applauded tremendously! Of course there were some small slips, but there were no critics around to get at the performers with chalk lines and spirit levels—everyone was looking for enjoyment, not for flaws, which makes all the difference in the world. For instance, Minnie forgot her verse about the kittens in her anxiety to bow correctly, but grandma was in a front seat and started her going so nicely that she had it all said in a minute and was back in her seat eating candy in no time. And the boys, they forgot part of their dialogue, and couldn't hear Minnie when she tried to tell them, so gave it up—but what did that matter, since they said most of it and were cheered just the same as everyone else? It was a wonderful night. One of the visiting ministers did speak a little too long on the Home Influence of Bible Teaching, but that always happens.

It was impossible to find the baskets and dishes that night, so they were left to be called for afterwards, and Pete, Minnie and Arch were carried, half-asleep and peevish, and carefully tucked in the bottom of the sleigh. Grandma was wound up in an extra blanket, and away they went, all talking at once about the events of the evening. Then it was discovered that Minnie was awake, and she, little soul, was crying. She feared that they were too late getting home, and they hadn't hung their stockings up and "Sandy Claus" might have come and gone away angry. Mother didn't think he would have got around so early and grandma was sure of it, but didn't she make Bob drive fast the rest of the way! Sure enough, when they got inside grandma saw at once by looking all round the stove and taking off the lids that "Sandy" had not been there yet, but she made them hurry up and get undressed and into bed, for he couldn't stand around waiting for them with so many places to go in the night.

The great day and evening were over, but there hung their stockings and they could look forward to the wonderful morrow. And so through life everything worth a moment's thought is on, on, a little further on.

Brother Plumtree's Dilemma.

Brother Job Plumtree, our esteemed grand senior wrangler of the Mistletoe Lodge of the order of Ancient Druids, has been laid up with acute rheumatism. On Sunday last three members of Mistletoe Lodge called to see Brother Plumtree. After some general conversation Brother Truegood said, "Old man, did you ever try——"

"Now, gentlemen, for heaven's sake don't ask me to try anything more; look at that shelf, look at it carefully. Sixty-two bottles of physic, twenty-nine pots of ointment, thirteen different kinds of pills, twenty-two bottles of embrocations, oils and liniments, besides bandages, second-hand poultices and electric belts—talk about anything you like, the mayoralty election, Mistletoe Lodge, or read a chapter in the New Testament, but give me no more rheumatic remedies.

"It is a week last Sunday since I laid up. On Monday morning Brother Skipjack, our butcher, called and he said, 'Job, I'll tell you what cured my wife's brother. You get a pound of mutton lard, melt it and mix with four ounces of turpentine, rub yourself every two hours, then get a bottle of Bloodstock's Blooming Bitters, into which put half an ounce of saltpetre, take a tablespoonful every two hours and you will be all right in a day or two.' On Wednesday following Mr. Snitzinger, the baker, came up to see me. I told him what I was doing. He said, 'Mine frent, Bloomtree, dot butcher is one big fool. I vill tole you der Sherman way. Get one big cabbage, boil it in vinegar, live on it for a week, drink shin and sulphur to thin the blood—ritch blood causes rheumatism. Good day.'

"My next amateur medical adviser was old Mr. Snodgrass, our milkman, who claims to have cured scores of people, but strange to say he has been lame with rheumatism for twenty years. Snodgrass advised me to get paper soles made out of drab glazed Sheffield cutlery paper, spread on each sole matted shoemaker's wax, apply to the soles of the feet hot—his theory is rheumatism can be drawn out at the feet. Two hours after trying the Snodgrass remedy I went to sleep and dreamt I was tied by the ankles to the trailer of a Yonge street electric car. I woke up at Bloor street and called for hot water to soak off the Sheffield remedy. It took two hours to do it, but eventually it came off along with the two outside layers of the soles of my feet. All this time neighbors and friends kept dropping in. Mrs. Snagsby brought the old English infallible "stand-by," Holloway's Pills and Ointment; another neighbor contributed a fly blister and tomato poultice. Boys, is it any wonder I'm in bed? Well, yesterday brought things to a climax. Miss Pinch, the clergyman's maiden sister, called and recommended an alcoholic bath. I was carefully placed on a cane seated chair with three pairs of blankets pinned around me, a tin dish was placed under the chair into which half a pint of alcohol was poured. This was just where the mistake occurred, the spirits should have been put in a spoonful at a time and a small gentle blaze kept going, but Miss Pinch, unfortunately for me, didn't tell us about that. Well, after all was ready, Mrs. Plumtree got down behind the chair, applied a match and let her went. The flames rose inch by inch Mrs. Plumtree 'was fireman, so to speak. The hired girl laughed and said I reminded her of a mummy she had seen at the Musee. Things began to get very hot beneath the chair. I said, "Are you sure something isn't burning?" The fireman said it was all right and she would soon sweat rheumatism out of me. Just here I felt a horrible sensation—the fire had caught the cane work, and I yelled at the girl to get out of the room quick, but she was too slow. I tore off the blankets and jumped about nine feet. The situation was so comical my wife laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. She declared afterwards that if the house had been on fire she couldn't have kept from laughing. The hired girl was last seen in the woods around Rosedale. No, gentlemen, no more remedies for me, though I believe that shock did me good. If you know any fellow wanting to start a drug store, send him round. I have some cheap goods to sell at a bargain. We also want a new girl."

TOM SWALWELL.

Will the person who posted a Christmas SATURDAY NIGHT at Toronto post office addressed to Mr. T. B. Morris, Boston Lake, N.Y., communicate with this office. The address is incorrect.

TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

POLLIE AT THE ST. VINCENT AGAIN.

"Hello! What are you up to? Don't you know how to hand a lady aboard a gentleman's yacht yet? you left handed sojur!" said George Sayers, waterman, to Jim Natchbrook, at close to twelve that night. Natchbrook was helping his young wife, Nancy, a wholesome-looking, simple young woman, aboard Sayers' boat, in the stern of which Pollie Jeaters was already seated. "A regular left-handed lubberly son of a Woolwich Infant, I call Jim, my dear," said he with gallant recognition of the young wife's presence, "not to know better than to hand you aboard a gentleman's yacht with his back to the company aft. An' Jim the son of a licensed waterman, too! An' knowin' me so long an' showin' no more manners than a stray pig in a cabbage garden! I hope you'll excuse him, Mrs. Blackwood, an' won't think he's any relation of mine or any of my bringin' up. The Sayers have been on the river time out of mind, an' always noted for real navy manners an' none of your lopsided bargee hulkin' ways; but real man-o'-war style. I understand from Jim Natchbrook, ma'am, that you want me to take you over the course we pulled that night in the autumn, when we picked you up."

"Yes, if you please," said Pollie softly.

"Then I recommend you two ladies to gather your shawls close round you, for 'tis cold enough to make an iceberg shiver. I'll take you over the ground as exact as though the course was pricked out on an admiralty chart by an admiral of the blue himself."

"Thank you," said Pollie.

For a while Sayers pulled in silence across the half ebb. No other craft was moving. No craft stirs on a half ebb by night except on compulsion.

Pollie sat in the stern beside Nancy Natchbrook, with the arm of that young woman round her. Nancy had conceived a romantic affection for Pollie, and looked upon "Mrs. Blackwood" as a being from a higher sphere, with a history too thrilling and mysterious for recital in common ears. No knowledge of Pollie or her career beyond that known in the first few days of her sojourn in the modest household had been added to the stock of the Natchbrooks. The widow and her daughter-in-law were content to know that Pollie had suffered great sorrow and was thankful for their kindness. They were content with a story which they invented for her. She was a lady born who had married beneath her—eloped with a man beneath her—and from this man (he having treated her badly), she broke away at night and flung herself into the Thames rather than live with him longer. Her tyrannical husband was in pursuit of her, and she would rather die than look upon the hard hearted villain's face again. This tale, enlarged, served the simple women as a veil, covering what they did not know of the story, and the embroidering of it with ornaments of guesswork took the monotony from many of their dull hours by the winter fire at night after the little shop was shut.

Although Pollie was far from well even now, she had improved almost beyond recognition.

Under Mrs. Natchbrook's roof she had gained strength enough to walk about with firmness and ease. The haggard, worn look was gone, her cheeks had filled out, her color had returned. Her old cheerfulness was still missing, no doubt. Her spirits had not regained their elasticity. She would sit stitching or musing for hours. She was placid and quiet, but showed no interest in the little events of the household day. Pollie Jeaters was a pretty young woman over again, but there had come a deadness in the brain, an alienation of the mind, without delusion or mania. The body and the good looks had prospered, because the brain enjoyed rest. If she had thoughts of the past they were far away and she never spoke them. She was quiet and very gentle. The sight of Pollie's passive, uncomplaining face melted the good widow to tears; it filled the young wife with a feeling akin to awe, and it moved Edith Orr alternately to sighs for the sufferer and speechless wrath against the man who had wrecked the young life of one so dependent and uncomplaining.

For some days Pollie had been saying to Nancy that her old horror of the Thames had left her, and that she believed a visit to the scene of her terrible experience that autumn night would do her good. That morning, the morning of this night, Pollie had gone a step further and declared she would cross the river, adding that she was anxious about a matter which could only be cleared up by a visit to the side of the river, and that no time would suit but night, deep night, when all the world was asleep.

Although the notion of Pollie's visiting at midnight the scene of her accident seemed perverse if not insane, Mrs. Natchbrook did not like to deny her guest one request, particularly as this was the first sign Mrs. Blackwood had shown of an awakening interest in things of earth. No one could tell but there was something in what the poor creature had said about clearing up a doubt. Care would be taken that no harm should come to her on the midnight river. Mrs. Natchbrook had heard the doctor say that perhaps the shock of falling into the Thames had produced a good effect on Pollie's health; perhaps this strange midnight expedition on the river might have a beneficial effect on Pollie's mind.

"Just here it was we picked you up that night, ma'am," said Sayers, when he had pulled close in on the Kentish shore. For reasons connected with his slowness to render aid the night of the rescue, and with the presence of Jim in the boat to-night, Sayers did not say much about that occurrence. "I was givin' Jim a free shove across, just a sea voyage for the benefit of his health—he, at the time, bein' powerful bad——"

"Never was better in my life than just then," interrupted Jim in a low voice.

"You hear him," said Sayers complainingly. "A chap, I may say, I brought up myself; anyway a chap whose father before him an' me was partners an' pals! I was tellin' you, ma'am, when his Arsenal manners—not the manners of the river, ma'am, I am happy to tell you—put it into his mouth to give a man who has been an uncle an' godfather to him, I may say to give me, George Sayers, the lie——"

"I only said I was never better in my life, and that's the truth, George," said the young man.

"Why, ma'am, he was dyin' with love at the time! Didn't he get married a week after?" cried Sayers triumphantly.

The bride and the bridegroom laughed, and Jim caught Nancy in his arms and kissed her demonstratively, to demonstrative resistance and protests on her part.

"Anyway, this is the spot. He caught hold of you, an' I pulled you out, and then I made him take the sculls; an' if I didn't you wouldn't be here to-night, ma'am (takin' in cold like a polar bear in a famine), for Jim Natchbrook knows no more about the rousin' of the dead than he does about respectin' the livin'—You're not allowed to stand up in the boat, ma'am. You must sit down," said Sayers, hastily interrupting himself.

Pollie had taken advantage of the endearments between the young man and his wife to rise. She stood leaning forward in the darkness and staring before her at a large black mass of building hanging over the river. Nancy and Jim drew her down with hasty hands.

"What building is that?" asked Pollie hoarsely, pointing with a long slender hand that gleamed white in the darkness.

"The St. Vincent Hotel, ma'am; but you were not staying there at the time of your accident. No one has been staying there for a long time. The place was a failure and had to be shut up."

"Could I land here for a few minutes?—just a few minutes," said Pollie, holding out her two hands entreatingly.

"Mercy on us!" cried Sayers, resting on his oars. "What do you want landing near that empty barrack at this time of night. I tell you there is no one in the place, nor has there been anyone in the place for more than a year anyhow."

"I do not want anyone. But I lost something near this place once."

"Pretty well lost your life!"

"I lost more than life," she said, speaking feverishly, and clasping and unclasping her hands in tremulous excitement. "Oh, you will let me land here! Oh, please let me land here! I lost a great deal near this place once. I lost all I had. I lost all a woman can have. I did not die here, but I lost all that was of any value in my life before and all my life after."

In the weird silence and dark loneliness of the river the voice of this woman complaining of her inestimable calamity pierced the hearts of the two young people in the boat and affected even Sayers.

"Of course, I'll land you if you like to look round a bit, ma'am, though there can't be much to see in the dark, an' the place is not the nicest in London. I dare say Jim or his wife will step ashore with you."

"Only Nancy," she pleaded, in low, clear, pathetic tones. "Only Nancy. Pray, let her and only her come with me."

"Very good, ma'am," said Sayers respectfully. He rose and handed her ashore with deference rare in him.

When the two women disappeared up the stairs, he said as he flung himself down on the thwart and lit his pipe, "Like 'twas here her old man chucked her. I wonder did he heave her into the river or did she sling herself in?"

"Nobody knows," said Jim.

"That's the worst of women," said Sayers.

"How?" said Jim, not being able to guess what the worst might be.

"Oh, you never know much about them," said Sayers, speaking to his mind rather than answering Jim's question. "Some women are as ordinary as dirt. They can drink nearly as well as a man, ay, an' ketch you one on the jowl nearly as well as a man. But, mind you, it's only nearly as well as a man they can do them things. They can do them things all, only weaker like, softer like than men. I reckon such women b'lied men. Then there's women, like our Nance, that don't drink and slang you, and don't ketch you one on the jowl. I never was married, an' I don't know anything about them sorts. I suppose them sort is mostly for wives and mothers, an' such like, but the reason for there bein' such as them bein' hidden from me, I dare say, the reason for there bein' such as them, is beyond a waterman as hasn't a wife an' childer, just as the use of aldermen is hidden from most licensed men not being in the city."

"They're for what you say," said Jim, as he filled his pipe. "Just for wives and mothers," as you say.

"Eh!"

"Why, for wives and mothers, to be sure."

"An' no more?" said Sayers gloomily.

"What more would you have?" said Jim, in the voice of a man of experience.

"That's what bothers me. I can't tell myself. Often here on the river by night when I'm off the drink I think a lot, and I can't make it all or much of it out. I look at the gas lights, an' the houses, an' the big ships in from sea, an' I can't make it out. What's the good of men, an' wives, an' childer?"

"Don't know," said Jim gravely, "but it's the custom to have them about. It's the fashion, like, to have men and wives and children, and I expect we'd feel awkward without them."

"You know," said Sayers, "when I spoke of women that drink an' slang you, an' ketch you one on the jowl, I was speaking of bad wives an' mothers; and when I spoke of the others I was thinking of good ones."

"Of course I knew; I'm not a fool."

"You're very near one, Jim. Don't holloo till you're out of the wood. Don't say anything about not being a fool as long as you have the breath of life in you," said Sayers sagely.

"Then I won't say much about it after."

"No; but what you say after won't hurt you. I know you think you're pulling me round, but I don't care. What I was saying is that the bad wives an' mothers are sent, no doubt, fearin' men would grow too haughty with navigation, an' telegraphs an' such like. And the good wives an' mothers are sent for a purpose we don't yet understand—anyway, watermen don't yet understand. But often when I'm off the drink an' dodgin' about the river by night thinkin' of one thing an' another, an' I come across thinkin' of women like her that's just stepped ashore with your Nance——"

"Thank you, George. Your calling her Nance seems the friendliest thing you ever said to me or of her."

"I feel awful friendly just now, but let us hope it won't last; for it's a bad way to feel when you want to get a livin' on this here creakin' river anyway. I was goin' to say that when I see such as that woman I am sure no man will ever know the rights of things here below anyway, an' that when we see that woman an' such as her somewhere else she'll just say, 'You couldn't rightly understand when we were below. Give me your hand an' come in here an' I'll tell you all an' I'll show you. An' she'll take us in somewhere wonderful past thinkin' of here below even when the drink is good an' one is off it, like them yellow-faced teetotalers in the West End."

"You are always studying deep things, George, and that's why I like you," said the young man, satisfied with being edified and not even desiring to comprehend.

"Young Natchbrook, you're a fool. I'm not good enough even for them sorts of women that drinks an' slangs you back an' ketches you on the jowl on the sconce. I'm not good enough for one like your Nance to put me again' a wall an' slap suds at; but the night we pulled her out," pointing to the stairs up which the two women had gone, "I said somethin' about salvage. I never asked for that salvage since. I was on the drink then. I am sayin' all this just to show you I wish to say I don't want that salvage now or at any time in the future, be the future Kingdom Come. I pay it as an insurance hereafter again' total loss with a strandin' clause. I don't want one like her to turn her back on me here or hereafter, when she's towing, maybe, a fool like you into harbor."

Meanwhile the two young women had ascended the Verdon stairs, and with Pollie leading, had crossed over by the lonely, desolate Terrace, into St. Vincent place. They found not a soul here. It was plain Pollie did not expect anything of this side of the great hotel, for she kept on without pause until they came to the main road.

She kept on to the left twenty or thirty yards and then turned into a narrow passage, scarcely noticeable in the day time. This was the lane into which looked the two little rooms she had occupied in the great hotel.

"Nancy, you are strong!"

"Yes, ma'am," said the other, who began to quake at finding herself alone at dead of night in this narrow, dark, silent passage. The lane way was no more than three paces wide. On the left rose the high dark walls of the great hotel, on the other side the high dark walls of the great warehouse. Above stretched a thin strip of pale blue sky thinly sown with faint gray stars.

Pollie paused under the window of the sitting-room. She was not tall enough to look in. "You are strong, Nancy; lift me up. I want to see."

The other woman raised her until Pollie's shoulders were over the window sill. The light was very bad, but by shading her face with both her hands and thrusting her head close to the glass, she could see enough to know that the room was unoccupied—to know that the furniture had been removed.

"Let me down," she said. When she was on the ground she darted to the bedroom window. "Lift me up again," she said.

Nancy raised her. Once more Polly framed her face with her hands, thrust her head forward and stared.

By this time Nancy was beside herself with terror of she knew not what. "Oh, what are you looking for? I am afraid—afraid to death. Come away, Mrs. Blackwood."

"Let me down," said Pollie. "There is no one in the room. The furniture is all gone." She was on the ground of the narrow passage now.

"What on earth did we come here for? I am frighted to death. Let us get away."

"Wait a minute," said Pollie, in a changed voice. "Wait a minute and we shall go away. You need not be afraid now. Nancy, you must promise me not to say to anyone what I am going to tell you now."

"Oh, I promise, only come away. What did we come here for? I am terrified. What do you want looking into empty rooms in such an awful lonely place as this in the dead of the night?"

"I'll tell you, but you must keep it secret."

"I will, I will; only let us get away," cried Nancy, wringing her hands.

"I think I have been wrong in my head. That was my husband's room I was looking into. That was the room I slept in the night they found me in the river. But you must swear not to tell."

"I swear," said Nancy, whose terror of the place was yielding before the terror of a new aspect of this woman's affairs, and before this new aspect of this woman herself.

"When I started this evening from your house I had only a dim notion that I was going to look at the place where I saw my husband last. I was mad, a fool then. When I landed and saw this house, I knew I should be there now by the side of my husband, only that some other woman took his heart away from me. When I set out I had a dim notion of opening that window. I took this knife with me to turn back the hasp. I had a silly notion that it would do me good to walk about where I had seen him last. He thinks I am dead, no doubt. But I thought, as I came down this passage, suppose he had married again! Suppose the other was there!"

"If she was, what would you have done?"

"I would have opened the window and killed her with this knife! I was mad when I set out; now I am sane."

"Heavenly powers! Do you call it sane to want to kill a woman?"

"Yes, if she took my husband from me."

"But you say he thinks you are dead."

"No matter. I would kill her all the same. But there! you know my secret now, but you must keep it. He has gone away from this. I have no horror of this side of the river now. He has left England most likely with her. But I tell you, if I saw him and her together I would kill her now, to-morrow, any time. I was mad, but now I am sane once more. Your mother tells me my cousin has met with misfortunes in America. His money must not be used beyond reason any more for me. I have no objection to this side of the river now. I will tell Edith Orr to-morrow I am ready to live with her if she will give me a home."

CHAPTER XL.

I WAS MAD THEN; I AM SANE NOW.

Something which Pollie had lost she found on the occasion of that midnight visit to the gloomy, deserted St. Vincent Hotel—scene of the last days she had spent with her husband.

"I am a new woman," she explained to Mrs. Natchbrook the next morning. "It seems as though I had twisted round and was looking at things from a different point. The whole of the time since I went to live at the other side of the river seems a dream to me, and all the time I have been with you, good, kind Mrs. Natchbrook. But I am awake now, and you will not find me moping any longer. I shall do my best to be of use about the place if you will allow me. I am stronger than I have been for a long time—than I was before I went to live at the other side of the river; and I shall be only too glad to do anything I can to lighten the burden I am on Mr. Crane. Miss Orr has sent some shirts to be marked with a Mr. Fancourt, her lodger's name—Edward Fancourt. What a charming name. Like a name of a good man in a story. Let me make a beginning on Edward Fancourt's shirts. They used to say no one could mark clothes more neatly and prettily than I."

Later in the day, when the widow was talking to her daughter-in-law, she said, "Nance, it's the most extraordinary cure I ever saw in all my life, and so sudden. What a blessing it is, and won't Miss Orr be glad to hear of it, and to see it when she comes to-day?"

"It's a wonderful change truly," said Nancy, who had told her mother-in-law nothing of the tragic part of the scene at the St. Vincent the night before. To Nancy's mind, what had taken place at Verdon, in that narrow passage beside the great empty hotel, confirmed rather than dispelled the notion that Pollie was not right in her head; for Nancy imagined Pollie visited the hotel with her husband when it was open to the public, and owing to some confusion fancied that visit had been the night she was picked out of the river, a thing quite impossible, for the St. Vincent had then been closed for months, dismantled, and uninhabited. However, Nancy made no remark, for she was bound to silence.

But the young wife was far from easy or from believing that the change in their guest was for the better. She thought Pollie's sprightliness feverish and spasmodic. She fancied she saw an unwholesome glitter in the eye. She shuddered when she thought of what Pollie had said of the knife, and she made up her mind that the strange look in the eye was that of a woman who every moment expected to find a rival before her—about to escape her—a rival whom she would not maul, but stab. In that awful passage last night Mrs. Blackwood said she had been mad and had just then recovered her reason. To Nancy's mind the unhappy woman until now had been afflicted with weakness of intellect; now she was threatened with acute and violent mania.

Late in the afternoon Edith Orr called. She had made up her mind to say nothing to Pollie about the bad news from America or the city. What would be the good of distressing this poor creature with news that was not final, which might mean no more than delay to Jack's return. As to the business difficulty, she felt infinitely relieved. She had not seen Edward Fancourt since his amazingly generous offer. That offer, however, she would not accept. She would raise the money on Muscovy place; Sherwin was already seeing about that affair.

The kind-hearted widow, with tears in her eyes, told Edith of the marvelous improvement which had taken place in Mrs. Blackwood, and gave the girl a brief history of the extraordinary expedition of the previous night. "You will not know her," said the good woman; "she is as right and bright as you or me, now, Miss Orr. A miracle, I call it. Nothing short of a miracle out of heaven."

Edith found Pollie in her own room, bright and busy over the shirts. "Oh, Edith," she cried, throwing down her work and going to the other. "I am so glad you have come. I want to speak to you. I am so much better. I have been cured all at once."

Edith put her arms round Pollie and pressed her to her bosom. "My dear, dear Fannie," said she, "this is the greatest happiness I

LACES

The most delicate and the coarsest are washed with **Surprise Soap** without in anyway injury the thread or fabric.

HARD RUBBING AND POOR SOAP does the mischief.

That hard rubbing for garments with or without lace, cottons, linens, flannels, is entirely done away with because of the peculiar qualities of **Surprise Soap** and its remarkable cleaning properties.

The wash comes out snowy white and clean; the laces unworn—untorn.

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(Not dried).

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Of all Grades and Standards.

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Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

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Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 3 lb. cans.

have known since Jack went away. What splendid news it will be for him." She drew Pollie towards the easy chair which had been got by John Crane in the early days of her convalescence.

"No, no," said Pollie, pushing the girl into it. "I am not going to use that any more. I am no longer an invalid. I suppose they told you of our boating party last night." She smiled as she took another chair. Edith felt distressed and ill at ease. There was a great change, no doubt, but it was not a wholly pleasant one. Indeed, it didn't seem a pleasant change at all. She noticed, too, a look in Pollie's eye boding no good.

"I am very glad you feel better, dearest," said Edith, "but last night's was a strange speak!"

"Freak! Freak! Not a bit of it. I am going to tell you now what I never told a soul, not a soul, not even Jack Crane. They all wonder how I came into the river that night. Well, it's a secret. You must promise me upon your honor and upon your soul not to open your lips about it to anyone on earth. Do you promise?"

"Yes, dear, but I am not very anxious to know, and if you do not care to speak of it I am quite content to be without knowing it." Edith was beginning to feel uneasy, and without knowing why, she was trembling.

"Yes, but I am anxious to tell someone, and there is no one for me to tell but you. I think I should go mad if I do not speak."

"Very well, dear," said Edith, looking round apprehensively, and noticing with an unpleasant shock that Pollie was between her and the door.

"I began to think my husband did not care for me. It even came into my mind that he cared for someone else—someone else whose name I did not know, whom I have never seen. Well, anyway, he had ceased to care for me, and it preyed on my mind and I began walking in my sleep, and the night they found me in the river I must have walked to a trap door that led to the river and opened it myself and fallen into it, or he must have left it open so that I might fall in—that is what I really think happened—"

"How horrible!" cried Edith, growing pale, falling back in the chair and staring with fascinated eyes at the dark face before her in which glittered the uncertain, disquieting eyes.

"Ay, horrible, for you, Edith Orr, in your maiden health and beauty, to hear from my lips. But, Edith Orr, how do you think you would have felt if you were the wife—the faded, fainting, dying wife who loved her handsome, clever, gentleman husband better than she loved all else on earth and all in heaven?"

"It is terrible to think of such a thing," said Edith, with a shudder.

"It was ten thousand times more terrible to bear, Edith Orr. And I think it turned my brain to lead and my heart to stone. I think it made me mad, not raving mad, you know, but quite mad, dead mad, mad, like a person whose brains have been scooped out by vampires in the night."

Edith shuddered again and tried to withdraw her eyes from the fierce, pale face, in the eyes of which lurked a mysterious and crouching fury, an eye that threatened things more terrible than one could endure and keep sane.

"Well, at that time I felt no anger against that other woman, the woman who had stolen my heart's love from me. I felt only that my life was gone, that my head and my heart were empty. My head and my heart have been empty ever since. But last night I went and looked at the place where I lost him, and I got my reason back, and now I am alive once more, Edith Orr. I am more alive and vigorous than you, Edith Orr. I am alive for vengeance."

"Vengeance! Vengeance!" cried the girl, cowering back in the chair, from the gleaming face and glittering eyes of the woman who had risen from her chair and was now standing in front of her, with head and neck thrust forward into her face.

"Yes, vengeance against, her who took my man, my beautiful man, from me. By heavens, when I come across her I'll empty her heart of its heart's blood," cried she frantically, drawing out a large knife from her bosom and making slashing passes with it in the air across Edith's throat.

The girl sat rigid, paralyzed. The cold perspiration broke out on her forehead. She could not move or call out. She felt her last moment was at hand.

Pollie's hair had fallen down over her eyes. With a hasty hand she thrust it back. The touch of her own hand on her temple seemed to soothe her. She drew a deep breath, stepped away a pace, and put the knife back into the bosom of her dress.

Edith felt the relief so much that she burst into tears, but still sat, unable to move.

"I want you, Edith Orr, to let me come and live with you. I told them before that nothing would induce me to live at the Verdon side of the river. But I said that when I was a fool, when I was an idiot. Now that I have got my reason back again I want to come and live with you. I know the woman who took my man from me lives at your side of the river. I want to meet her and kill her."

Edith held up her hands and cried, "In pity's name don't say such things. You terrify me!"

"Terrify you! What is being terrified compared with being flung aside by the man you love, the husband you adore! Don't talk to me of your finikin, sentimental terror! Feel the hell of desertion, and talk no more of terror, girl."

She began striding up and down the room furiously. After a while she broke out again, "I see it all now. I see it all now as clear as the sun at noon. He was in love with her. He saw her in Verdon, somewhere in Verdon, I do not know where. I do not know her or her accursed name. But I shall know all, and I shall meet her face to face; and I shall kill her as sure as there is a heaven above my head and a hell beneath her feet."

"Oh, do not say such dreadful things!" cried the girl.

"Dreadful things!" cried the woman scornfully. "I do not know what the meaning of saying dreadful things is. But I have felt dreadful things and I shall do dreadful things. Ay, things as dreadful as he did to me, when he stamped out the fire of my heart with his feet as he left me for her. And she lives at your side of the water. You have often asked me to live with you; take me with you now, this minute."

With tottering feet Edith rose and said tremulously:

"Come."

(To be Continued.)

The Function of a Bee's Sting.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that—says a correspondent of the *Horticultural Times*—after all, the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging. I have long been convinced that the bees put the finishing touches on their artistic cell work by the dexterous use of their stings, and during this final finishing stage of the process of honey-making the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey. This is in reality the poison of their sting. This formic acid gives to honey its peculiar flavor, and also imparts to it its keeping qualities. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful with honey. While doing this the formic acid passes from the poison bag, exudes, drop by drop, from the point of the sting, and the beautiful work is finished.

A Texas Romance.

A story is told, in years gone by, of a raid of the Comanches in Texas, the 1st of June, when the blackberries were ripe.

There was a small settlement in the far western countries, as they were then called, but now are the ones most thickly settled. The girls of the settlement, three in number, had wandered far out on the prairie to a little strip of woods to gather a few berries, as there were many and of the finest kind. They had become so excited over their find, and were picking berries so fast that they did not take in the situation. They were far from the settlement, as they had started early in the morning, and had not found any berries until the middle of the evening.

The oldest was a girl of about twenty; the other two were from nine to twelve.

All at once there was a savage yell, and six Comanches came in sight on a little knoll on the prairie, almost a quarter of a mile from them. Almost simultaneously a cowboy rode up to them. He was armed with a good rifle and a brace of revolvers. He was a stranger to the girls, and they were apprehensive of his presence, when he told them not to scream, that he was their friend, and would protect them from the Indians, who were advancing, having espied the girls. The Indians evidently had not noticed the man on his pony, who was partially hidden behind a thicket. As soon as the Indians were near enough one shot an arrow from his bow at the girls, and all raised a yell. The oldest girl fell, wounded—the arrow having passed through her shoulder. She was losing blood, which fact, and fright, had caused her to faint. The other girls ran to her.

Answering the Indians' yell was the report from the cowboy's rifle, and the foremost Indian fell. The other Indians continued to advance, when another shot was heard and another Indian fell. The Indians stopped and parleyed, and then advanced still nearer. Another shot, and the third Indian fell. The remaining three continued to advance until within a short distance of the girls, when another shot from the thicket prostrated the fourth Indian to rise no more. The other two made a rush for the thicket, as they had discovered where the cowboy had concealed himself. As they came near he again fired, and one of the two fell and the other drew his gun, but the cowboy knocked it out of his hand and knocked the Indian down with his gun. The gun flew out of the cowboy's hand. The Indian leaped to his feet and they clinched. It was some time before either had the best of the other; but the Comanche could not get his gun, as it was too far away, and the cowboy did not like to let go his hold on the Indian for fear he would get the advantage of him.

Choosing a favorable opportunity, however, he disengaged one hand, pulled out his dirk and drove it to the hilt in the Indian's heart. He now came forward, put the wounded girl on his pony and told the other to follow him. He tried to pull the arrow from the wound of the other girl, but could not without giving her very great pain.

They took the trail for the settlement, which was reached about eight o'clock at night. The arrow was soon extracted by the doctor of the settlement, and the wounded girl was soon out of pain. The young man bid the young ladies' father good-night and left. The father gave him a pressing invitation to return. In a few days he did come back, "just to see how Miss Lucy Lock was getting along."

A Tender-Hearted Husband

Husband—I think I'll go out for a little walk, my dear.
Wife (wrathfully)—I don't see how you can stand there and see your wife struggling with a fire that simply won't burn.
Husband—I can't, my dear; that is the reason I am going out.—*Puck.*

FATAL! THAT IS A TRAGIC WORD!

There is a good deal of rain in Canada. The property of rain is to wet. It is vexatious. It is dangerous. Sometimes it is fatal.

In the city there is the friendly door or archway. In the country there are only the sky and fields. The rain has too much room. That is the trouble.

What a perverse thing life is.

You have had your eye on that adjoining farm. The other fellow steps in and buys it.

You have had your heart set on that pretty Miss Sweetbrier in the village. The other fellow gets the first prompt word in, and you are lost.

There is a concert in the Town Hall. You promised to take Miss Mossrose. The rain falls in torrents,

AND YOU HAVE NOT GOT A MELISSA.

"Ah," says Miss Mossrose sweetly to your rival; "we have both got our Melissas, and so can defy both wind and rain."

And here is a profound moral—the man who misses opportunity is forever lost.

We must have the heart and hand to dare at the right moment,

AND MELISSA FOR THE COLD AND RAIN.

And that is about the whole of life.

A handsome Tweed overcoat with plenty of warmth. A perfect rain-proof garment, which can defy all the waters of Niagara, and yet as porous as ordinary cloth. That is Melissa.

Melissa, after the misery of the rubber coat, is a joy. The note it strikes is comfort. Solid, unmitigated, abiding comfort.

Be sure you get the real "Melissa." All genuine porous rain-proof cloths are stamped in wax with the Melissa trade mark seal and Melissa garments have the trade mark label attached. None other genuine.

The Melissa Manufacturing Co.
MONTREAL
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Wholesale Agents for the Dominion.

Tom Tubbs, the cowboy, soon became quite a favorite of the Lock family. He was a fine fellow and brave. Lucy improved rapidly and was soon up. She was considered the belle of the settlement. Many of the boys had tried to win her but failed. Tom, a stranger of another settlement, had fallen in love with Lucy on first sight, when he met her at the blackberry patch. He made other short calls after she was well. It was not long until Tom proposed to make Lucy his wife; and Mr. Lock, her father, said Tom had fairly won her by saving her from the Comanches.

The marriage on Christmas Day was celebrated by a big hunt, Tom leading the party. Many came from both settlements to honor the occasion and pay their respects to the handsomest couple of the Texas frontier.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

His Curiosity Gratified.

"Travel on this road purty often?" enquired the passenger with the long, slender, pointed nose.

"Yes," replied the sleepy-looking passenger on the same seat.

"Come to town 'most every day, I reckon?"

"Yes."

"In business of some kind, like as not?"

"No. I work for another man."

"Dry goods business?"

"No. Wet goods."

"Saloon?"

"No. Fish market."

The inquisitive passenger was quiet a moment. Then he came at him again.

"Find it cheaper to live out o' the city?"

"No; dearer."

"Rents are cheaper, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"Groceries and things don't cost any more, do they?"

"No; cost less."

"Have to pay out too much for railroad fare?"

"Railroad fare doesn't cost me $75 a year."

"Then what makes the dearer?"

"Running for trains. Wear and tear of shoe leather."

The long nosed man ruminated on this a few moments and then said:

"They pay bigger wages in the city than they do in the suburbs, don't they?"

"Yes."

"What might it be worth, now, to hold a job like yours?"

"The man I'm working for pays me $20.99 a week."

"Always make the exact change?"

"Always."

"What's the idea of makin' it just $20.99?"

"He pays me $20.00 for my work and the 99 cents for minding my own business."

And the sharp-nosed man went to the other end of the car and took a seat on the coal box.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Architectural Necessities.

"I see a great many houses in the South are built with cupolas," said Jawhens.

"Yes, we have to build 'em that way," said the Colonel. "We use 'em for chicken coops at night."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
FOR ABUSE OF ALCOHOL.
It relieves the depression therefrom.

Preventive.

Wife—Do you think Tommy disturbs our neighbors with his drum?

Husband—I'm afraid so. They made him a present of a nice new knife to-day.

The Pleasure of It

"We have pleasure in saying" writes Mr. H. I. McIntosh, secretary and treasurer of the Universal Knitting Machine Co., Toronto, Ont., "a good word for St. Jacobs Oil. Our employees use it extensively and report it an invaluable cure for pain, bruises, etc. Cases have been reported to us where it has worked like a charm. There's nothing like it." Everybody says so.

Her View.

The General—I have been in engagements without number, my dear.

She—Oh, general, and not a single breach of promise case?

Let Well Enough Alone.

"I've got a tongue-tied child, doctor. Can anything be done for it?"

"Boy or girl?"

"Girl."

"Humph! I think you'd better not interfere with the workings of Providence, ma'am."

An Old Antiquity.

Either by acquired taint or heredity, those old foes Scrofula and Consumption, must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

A veritable family medicine box, BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Near the Truth, Perhaps.

"I wrote, 'Patti will make her last farewell tour of America in the year 1894,' and the *Bugle* printed it 'in the year 8194.' Wasn't it a curious error?"

"But was it an error?"

$20 Excursion to Washington, D.C., on Dec. 27 via the Picturesque Erie Railway.

Wait for the finest excursion of the season, only costs $10, round trip, Suspension Bridge to Washington. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge and good to return on or before January 5, 1883. You can also return via New York by paying $4 extra. Through sleepers. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Point of View.

The Father—Why don't you go to work and make a place for yourself in the world? You are not known in the business community except as the idle son of a successful banker.

The Son—And you are not known in society except as the father of the champion leader of the german.

What to Save,

And how to save it, are subjects which interest all prudent housewives. This information is given in Ayer's Home Economies, containing one hundred recipes for using odds and ends from table and market. It is a book especially valuable to young housekeepers, and will afford many new and useful hints even to those more experienced. Ayer's Home Economies, mailed to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

No Wonder.

Sea-Sick Passenger—What is that person doing on deck above my cabin?

Wife—Heaving the lead.

S.-S. P. (resignedly)—Well, if lead comes up with some people I should not complain because the light things I eat will not stay down.

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway have now on sale round trip tickets at very low rates to southern points, including Old Mexico and California. The only line that can take tourists via Detroit through St. Louis and Kansas City and return them via Chicago and *vice versa*. Finest equipped trains on earth, passing through six states of the Union. Spend a winter in Mexico, the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs; finest climate and scenery in the world and older than Egypt. Time tables and all information about side trip at new ticket office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto.

A Lesson in Manners

Chappie—If you want to have an air of distinction, you must look a little tired.

Clara—Oh, that's easy, while I'm with you.

New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

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CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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WATSON'S COUGH DROPS
Will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. TRY THEM.

RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, and purify the blood; are safe and effectual; the best medicine known for dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, constipation, dyspepsia, chronic liver troubles, dysentery, bad complexion, dizziness, offensive breath, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. One tabule gives immediate relief. Take one after dinner. Sold by druggists. A total home cure for 10 cents. Ripans Chemical Co., 10 Spruce St., New York.

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ADAMS' PEPSIN
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LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

ALWAYS TRUE.
RHEUMATISM.—Col. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with
ST. JACOBS OIL.
In the morning I walked without pain."
NEURALGIA.—Mr. JAMES BONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."
IT IS THE BEST.

Music.

APROPOS to our remarks in last week's issue, concerning the unhappy lot of local musical critics, the New York *Musical Courier*, just to hand, contains the confessions of another scribe whose experiences cause him to envy "those people having the good luck to be dead." Now, all this is very sad, and yet one is constrained to enquire whether the critics are not somewhat to blame themselves for the uncomfortable positions in which they are sometimes found. The only safe plan would seem to be to recognize none of the "cliques" which are represented as praying for each other's destruction, but to follow an independent line, writing as kindly of all as is consistent with fair play and the cause of music generally—in other words, ask no favors nor grant any. It will not require a life-time for the profession to learn a lesson, and if the critics follow a consistent course for the length of one season, no portion of our community will be more ready to respect them than those whose work they are detailed to notice.

*

The Toronto Vocal Society announces its first concert for this season for January 17, the solo talent on which occasion will be entirely local. This seems to be a wise move on the part of the society. The public is generally sufficiently curious as to the standard of choral work presented by the society from season to season, to find this sufficient incentive to attend the first concert. The amount saved in this manner by the officers of the society should enable them to provide so strong an attraction for the second concert as to atone in a measure for apparent lack of novelty in the first, thus leaving an excellent general impression of the season's work as a whole. The avowed policy of the society, in any case, is to encourage deserving native talent so much as is consistent with a high standard of work. The experiences of the Philharmonic and Choral and other societies with imported talent have not always been of the most satisfactory character in any case, some of the notable successes achieved in our most pretentious performances being gained by our own artists.

*

I understand that it is the intention of the Toronto Vocal Society to import for their second concert a fine foreign orchestra. This is a most commendable idea and one which will doubtless meet with the hearty encouragement of our concert-goers. The present year is proving so prolific of good orchestral music that a taste for it is being formed which is doing much for the cause of good music in Toronto. Not only is the public being educated to a knowledge of the possibilities in this realm of the art, but it is also beginning to think for itself regarding the merits of a performance, the gradual decay of the proxy business being one of our most hopeful signs of advance. The excellent programme to be presented here next week by the Thomas' Orchestra will, I trust, attract a large audience. Mr. Thomas possesses qualities as a conductor which are not possessed by any of the great men who are doing so much for the cause of music in the Eastern States. Although lacking in the breadth of style which has made Seidl's name so famous, or in the refinement and precision which characterize Nikisch, there is a musical genuineness in all of Mr. Thomas' work which always attracts and delights his audience. I am pleased to notice that among the novelties to be presented at the concert on Tuesday evening next are several selections from Moszkowski's Boadbil, a work which has created fame for its composer both in Europe and America.

*

The Ottawa papers of recent date speak in highest terms of praise of the work of Miss Florence Benson, daughter of Rev. Manly Benson, formerly of Toronto, who gave a recital in Ottawa some time ago. While in Toronto Miss Benson attracted considerable attention by the excellence of her pianoforte playing, being possessed of an excellent technique and an admirable conception of the different styles of pianoforte music. As a vocalist she also gave rich promise and I am pleased to learn of her hearty reception at the Capital.

*

The approaching annual meeting of the Canadian Society of Musicians brings with it memories of a name which is inseparably connected with the early history of the society in its struggle for existence. I refer to the genial ex-secretary, Mr. H. Guest Collins, who is still a resident of Berlin, Germany, where he is pursuing his studies in composition and other branches. It will interest many of our readers to know that on Sunday evening, November 6, Mr. Collins was invited to perform on the organ of St. George's Episcopal church in the German capital, and that his rendition of the first movement of a Merkel Sonata received favorable comment on many sides. I understand that Mr. Collins is expected to return to Canada next summer.

*

I have received the following new music: Song of the South Wind, for the piano, by W. O. Forsyth. This composition is written in Mr. Forsyth's best style and betrays the scholarly musician throughout. An exquisite theme runs through the work, which Mr. Forsyth treats in a delightfully varied style thoroughly in keeping with the suggestive title of the composition. Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer are the Canadian publishers of the work, which, however, was brought out by them in Germany, of which the elegant engraving of the plates bears ample testimony. I am heartily recommend this composition to piano students of some technical ability.

*

The friends of Miss Norma Reynolds, of the College of Music, who has been confined to her house through sickness for the last three weeks, will be glad to learn that she is recovering and will be able to resume her teaching after the Christmas vacation.

The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers Association have issued a new song from the pen of a talented local composer, who in this number marks his opus 1. In Come Home, a song for baritone or contralto, the composer, Mr. Thomas H. Mason, gives evidences of considerable originality and succeeds in clothing Mrs. Hemans' poem with music which is eminently fitted to the character of the words. I predict for Mr. Mason's new song a reception worthy of it, and shall look for further contributions from his pen in the future. MODERATO.

Christmas Roses.

For Saturday Night.

Out of the twilight's stole,
Gushing, ruddy and sweet,
The mystical roses rain,
Sheer to the city's street.

Over the domes and spires,
Buildings, towers and trees,
Beautiful roseate fires
Blown from the mysteries.

Over the city's sin,
Roses of mercy and peace—
Men and angels akin—
One in their jubilees!

Over the city's woe,
Roses of comfort and cheer,
Sweet as the erstwhile glow,
Of the Syrian harbinger.

Over the bells and night,
Christ's roses raining the earth
With links of celestial light,
Joy and seraphic mirth.

Heaven and earth love-locked—
Now do we understand,
The mother cradled and rocked
Us well with a speechless hand.

Now do we know each thing
Known to the world above,
For Christmas roses that bring
The infinite truth of love!

JOS. NEVIN DOYLE.

A Strange Language.

Professor Jonathan Dominic Adams was a very great scholar. As everybody knew who knew anything, he was considered the authority on the Greek language, both ancient and modern. Greek was his hobby, his pleasure, the dream of his life, the Alpha and Omega of his every day's existence; and to anyone who would or could not converse on his favorite topic, the professor was most decidedly a bore.

Dr. Adams was sufficiently a man of the world to know that he owed his being in a very great measure to a woman. He was aware also that besides the heroines who lived in his books, there were women who moved in the outer world. But beyond this knowledge he knew nothing of the weaker sex, to whom Greek in most cases, was but a word and nothing more. Therefore it was with the greatest consternation that one summer evening, as he was strolling homewards across the Green Park, he caught himself thinking, not of his favorite and only topic, but of a woman, and that woman a very sweet and pretty creature of twenty-five.

Dr. Adams tried his hardest to bring his thoughts into their usual, and to him, proper channel, but to no avail. To his horror he found that he had even forgotten some lines of Homer, but that he could not forget a pair of bright blue eyes and the smile of rosy lips. To the credit of the professor it must be said that he gave up the struggle, and for the remainder of the evening dreamed of Miss Julia Drewry, while Homer for the time being was dethroned.

Now, while Professor Jonathan Adams was dreaming of Miss Julia Drewry, Miss Julia Drewry was dreaming of Professor Jonathan Adams, thinking of him and the study of Greek literature. For she also was a great scholar, having left Girton with all the honors that it was possible for the fair student to take away with her. But although she knew everything that was to be known about divinity, classics, mathematics, natural science, moral science, history, German, Anglo-Saxon, etc., etc., her favorite subject was Greek.

Somewhat to her father's dismay he perceived that his daughter ignored the natural pleasures of youth, while she pestered him from morning till night with dissertations on this dead language. Learned man as he was himself, and an old college friend of Dr. Adams, he would have preferred Julia to take more interest in her surroundings and mix more freely with her fellow creatures, instead of spoiling her pretty eyes with continuous study. But no, Miss Julia turned up her little nose at the girls she met, and at the young men too, for up to the present she had not found one with whom she could talk upon the subjects which engrossed her mind. Her father had one slight consolation, and that was that the girl, with all her faults, took an interest in her personal appearance, dressing well, if in the Greek style. Whether she wore blue stockings he never enquired, and of course we cannot; besides, it has nothing whatever to do with the story.

It so happened that one day, while taking his morning constitutional, Mr. Drewry stumbled across Dr. Adams, or to put it more correctly, Dr. Adams stumbled over Mr. Drewry. The worthy professor, instead of looking where he was going, was walking along with his eyes fixed on the ground in a brown study.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Drewry; "why, it's Adams. How are you—how are you? What an age it is since we have met!"

"It seems ten years—ten long years; and yet it seems only yesterday," replied Adams.

"Long enough for many changes. My poor wife has been dead these ten years; but, thank God, I have a daughter to look after me. You saw her when she was fifteen. And you, are you married?"

"No, indeed," said the professor; "I am but wedded to my work."

"Ah, yes, I have seen your name mentioned now and again in connection with your Greek studies. But don't let us stand here talking; come home with me. Julia has often expressed a wish to see you again; she has questions to ask you and some theories to propound, for she also is Greek—very much so."

The two friends walked home to Mr. Drewry's humble but neat little cottage in Fulham. And from that moment—and I tell it with sorrow—Mr. Drewry had, to put it vulgarly, to take a back seat. The professor found Julia charming, and Julia considered the professor delightful, while poor Mr. Drewry had to listen to endless arguments upon the eternal Greek. At first he endeavored to divert his guest and draw him out about old college days, but five minutes after Dr. Adams would turn to the daughter and take up the conversation at the point where he had been interrupted.

The next day the professor called again, and also on the next, and so on, and so on, until he was regarded in the light of a tame cat. Mr. Drewry took to his newspapers and his books, leaving his guest for hours with his daughter.

And what were the consequences?

Why, that Professor Adams after six weeks found his eyes wandering to the fair little face instead of keeping them upon the books the two were studying together. And Miss Drewry would think to herself, as she waited for the professor's diurnal visit, that she had at last met a man whom she would be happy to marry, despite the fact that he was on the wrong side of forty and had a very bald head.

Matters had come to this serious point on the day Dr. Adams walked across the Green Park, and when the image of the girl totally obliterated the image of Homer. That night the professor, as has already been told, gave himself up to dreaming about Miss Julia, and the following afternoon he put two questions to her.

The first was whether she would be willing to help him with a work he proposed to bring out in twenty volumes, namely, the Lives of the Greek Poets, with criticisms on their poems, the whole to be written in Greek. To this proposition Julia readily consented.

The second question was that, as the undertaking would be a work of years and they would have to be continually together, would she object to becoming his wife to facilitate the plan. To this Miss Drewry, after a proper amount of womanly indecision, also consented.

Mr. Drewry at first, naturally, naturally, objected to the marriage, but he was very soon overruled, and in two months the wedding took place. Although autumn was united to summer the combination turned out a bright and happy one. The professor came to live at the cottage at Fulham, Mr. Drewry remaining with his daughter, and a more peaceful and contented trio never existed.

The Lives of the Greek Poets went on flourishingly. The first volume appeared, and was received with great favor by the critics. But when the second volume was but half written a sudden interruption took place. It was a very natural one, and one to be wished for—a young Master Adams made his appearance upon the scene, of course to the overthrow of his mother's work.

"For the time being only, I trust," the professor would say to himself, as he laid down his pen to act the part of errand boy; for he was continually being desired to run for either the baby's bottle or lime water, or such like infantile requisites. Then he was asked to step upstairs and see his son smile for the first time, and now and again was even required to hold him.

But after a few weeks of this unaccustomed occupation, Dr. Adams became impatient for his wife to return to the study and help him to carry on the work they had commenced together. So after hinting many times that he wished for her assistance, which hinting she seemed to ignore, he decided one morning to ask her point blank to give the baby in charge of the nurse and devote a few hours to the Lives of the Greek Poets.

With this intention he went upstairs to his wife's room, and as the door was open, he heard her addressing somebody or something in a very peculiar, and to him entirely new language. He paused on the landing and listened. If he had had any hair on the top of his head it would have stood on end. Could this be his classical Julia speaking this extraordinary jargon! This is part of what he heard:

"Didums then love his icle barthy-warthy. The darding icle boysey-woysey! Agoo! Agoo! Didums try and bite the spongey-wongey, naughty icle sing! Naughty icle sing to make his back as stiff as a poker."

Dr. Adams peeped through the opening of the door and beheld his wife washing the baby. He continued to listen:

"Agoo! Agoo! Didums went to cry den when he's taken out of de nicey warm water. There then, does him want to kick kicky-wicky, kicky-wicky—nurse, where is the powder? Ah, thank you—was him being basted, then, like a icle chicken! Oh, I could eat him up, my pretty petty-wetty! I lub him so! Ah, poor, poor icle wee ting! Didums have the hiccoughs! Naughty, naughty hiccoughs! Shall mummy beat the horrid, nasty hiccoughs then—nurse pass me the sugar, please; perhaps that will do the little darling good. No sugar up here! Just ask Dr. Adams to fetch the sugar-basin from the dining-room cupboard."

Professor Adams beat a precipitate retreat, and on gaining the hall seized his hat and went out for a long walk. With his hands thrust deep into his pockets and his hat placed over his eyes, he gave himself up to very deep thought. But he thought not of the Greek language, but of the new tongue he had just heard. At first his face was very stern, but it gradually and gradually relaxed until it beamed forth into a very pleasant and sweet smile.

"Ah, what a fool I have been!" he exclaimed. "What a pretty picture it was to see her bending over my baby boy, and speaking a language to him that he only could understand! Great in future shall be for me. Baby in future shall be for Julia, with just a little bit of him for me also. Women can be, and are, very great, but what a little thing will upset their greatness and make them what they ought to be—sweeter and—and—well—why, women!"

The Lives of the Great Poets came out, but at longer intervals than was at first intended, for Dr. Adams did all the work himself. His wife was always ready to listen to the MS. when he read it aloud to her, and the professor was glad to get any advice that she might be able and willing to give.

Mrs. Adams in future attended to the comforts of her husband, her baby, and her father, and was glad to get any advice *they* were willing and able to give.

Mr. Drewry was more happy than he had been for many a long day, for he could now get his daughter and son-in law to talk on subjects other than Greek. But if he was ever at a loss for companionship, he could always resort to the new language, in which he was very proficient, and converse by the hour with his grandson, to their mutual benefit and pleasure.

—*Eric Vredenburg in Wit and Wisdom.*

A Substitute for Blue Blood.

The church is, in Europe, almost the only career in which a man of humble birth may raise himself to social equality and even superiority of the old blue-blooded aristocracy. Thus, the late primate of Hungary, who ranked next to the Prince Archbishop of Olmutz in importance and wealth, was the son of a village cobbler, and his mother, attired in her peasant dress, lived with him in his magnificent palace at Graun, where his household, organized on a royal scale, included no less than ten chamberlains and lay gentlemen in waiting of noble birth.

When the late cardinal archbishop of Vienna died, a couple of years ago, and the emperor attended the funeral in person and in state, standing at the head of the coffin, he had next to him on either side two old men dressed in the most ordinary peasant garb and apparently indifferent to the magnificence of their surroundings, being altogether absorbed by their grief. They were the two surviving brothers of the dead cardinal.

So well known is the ecclesiastical profession as a speedy and easy means of bettering one's social status, that three-fourths of the candidates for ordination, both in the Catholic church on the continent and in the Church of England, belong to the lower middle classes, and sometimes even to the artisan element or to the peasantry.—*Chicago News-Record.*

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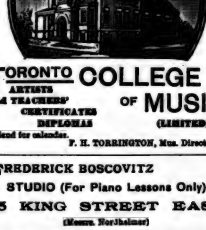

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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Four.

Miss Mulock, Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong, Mrs. Graham Cameron, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. McMurrich and Mrs. Allen Aylesworth.

•

Mr. Arthur Stringer and Mr. A. T. Little of Wycliffe College gave an afternoon tea to their lady friends last Friday week, in their rooms at the college residence.

•

Mrs. Dr. Aylesworth has moved from George street to her former residence at the head of Jameson avenue and will receive on Thursday.

•

Mrs. Fuller's tea, on Friday of last week, was a very stylish affair. Mrs. Fuller was assisted in receiving by her daughters, the Misses Fuller, who were prettily gowned in light-colored silks. Among the guests I remarked: Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Auguste Bolte, Mrs. Hepburn, Mrs. Kerr Osborne, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Vickers, Miss Macbeth Millican, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Miss McMicking, Mrs. H. Roberts, the Misses Ince, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, the Misses Shanly, Mrs. Alex. Robertson and Miss Tempest.

•

Mr. L. G. Christie's numerous friends will be pleased to learn that he is expected home for Christmas after a five months' trip through Maine and the Lower Provinces.

•

The Christmas concert of the Presbyterian Ladies' College took place on Monday evening in the Assembly Hall, Church of the Redeemer, which is next door to the college. The programme, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, French and German dialogues, recitations and readings, was very interesting. Among those taking part were the Misses McCrimmon, Garland, Helliwell, Slater, Cavers, Nicol, Hunter, Shore, Adamson, Houliston, Harvey, McKenzie, Carss, Haskell, Wilson, Jackes, Maxwell, Fulton, Webb, Blong and Karola. Miss Edith Miller, the charming contralto, sang Ah Sestinto Donna Cantia with great effect.

•

Sheriff Widdifield, who lately purchased a handsome residence on St. George street, has moved into the city and taken up his residence amongst us.

•

Mr. Fred Plumb, a son of the late Senator from Niagara, has been appointed assistant curator of the Canadian section of the Imperial Institute and will take up his permanent residence in London. He is married to a daughter of the late Senator Dickson of Niagara and was for many years a resident of this city.

•

Mrs. James Carruthers of 545 Jarvis street leaves on Thursday, via New York, for a winter in Southern Italy and a tour through Europe and the British Isles in the spring. Mrs. Carruthers sails by the North German Lloyd steamer Fulda.

•

Mr. B. E. Walker, general manager of the Bank of Commerce, is expected home. He has been on an extended European trip.

•

On Saturday afternoon an exceedingly pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. S. H. Blake, Q.C., 256 Jarvis street, when Miss Mary Cronyn Wilson was married to Mr. John Dunham Molson, of Molson's Bank, Toronto. Miss Katharine Blake acted as bridesmaid and the bridegroom was attended by Mr. Charles A. Walker of the Dominion Bank. The bride looked charming in her dainty bridal robes. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George M. Wrong, Mr. S. H. Blake giving the bride away. Although the wedding was a distinctly quiet one there were nearly 100 guests present, among whom were the immediate relatives of the bride and Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. B. Cronyn, Mr. E. S. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. O. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Lash, Mr. Thomas Law, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Cassels, the Misses Morphy, Mrs. and Miss Sullivan, Mr. John Fisken, Rev. C. E. and Mrs. Owen, Mr. McGregor Young, Mr. George Young, Mr. W. A. H. Kerr, Mr. S. V. Blake, Mr. Percival Ridout, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie and Mr. J. H. Moss.

•

The officers of the Fort gave a very stylish dance on Wednesday evening, at which a large number of society people were present.

•

Mrs. Campbell of Queen's park gives a tea next Monday afternoon.

•

The Wilson Barrett Company have proved a great attraction at the Grand this week. A number of theater parties have enjoyed the fine plays presented. On Tuesday evening I remarked among those present: Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mrs. George and Miss Gooderham, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Smith, Lieutenant Laurie, Mr. and Mrs. Ivens, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Walker. A pretty theater party occupied one of the boxes, one of the ladies wearing a most stylish white evening gown with jet passementerie. Mr. Henry Duggan and party filled another box.

•

The wedding of Mr. French and Miss Lena O'Keefe will take place next month.

•

Mrs. Todhunter of 86 Wellesley street was At Home to her many friends Monday afternoon. Some of those present were: Mrs. William Christie, Mrs. T. Clarke, Mrs. T. Eaton, Mrs. Woodbridge, Mrs. F. Walker, Mrs. T. Baird, Mrs. Toby of Collingwood, Mrs. G. S. Williams, Mrs. Barnett, Mrs. Hogeboom.

•

The Lotus Club held their first At Home on Friday evening at the residence of Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, Euclid avenue. There were about seventy guests present, and all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The committee are as follows: President, Mr. Fred Jacob; vice-president, Mr. Frank Bell; secretary, Mr. Walter McCurry; treasurer, Mr. Sid McKenzie. Committee, Messrs. Bert Burns, Robt. Wilson, Alex. McCaw, Lou Nichols. Among those present I noticed: Misses A. M. and M. Brick, Misses M. and A. Burns, Miss A. Brownjohn, Miss M. Best, Miss Maud Bell, Miss Gertie Cook, Miss G. Colby, Miss L. Campbell, Miss Della Douglass, Misses Libbie and Lou Pearsall, Mr. and Miss Hornibrook, Miss Ray Wylie, Miss Mary Wheeler, Misses Flo and Olive Platts, Miss M. McLaren, the Misses Reed, Miss Ethel Stoddart, Miss McDonald, Messrs. R. Shaw, Bert Bond, A. McLaren, H. Thornton, A. Jacobi, M. World, F. Verner, T. Gleeson, W. McKenzie, M. Mulkern, Murray, Laird, Cliff Penlston and R. Grenanes.

•

Mirth and music reigned supreme at Webb's parlors on Thursday evening of last week, the occasion being the third annual At Home of Toronto Lodge, No. 30, Knights of Pythias. This affair is now looked upon as one of the events of the season, and the two hundred and twenty-five people present were ample testimony of this fact. The committee who had the affair in hand were: Messrs. J. F. Gray, George Bedingfield, J. L. Little, Thomas Soole, A. A. Alexander and J. J. Ward. The following are only a few of those present: Mesdames Cheeseworth, Fralick, Clegg, Alexander, Britton, Jennings, McNaught, Peaker, Ferguson, Fox, Farwell, Hodge, Little, McCaul, Shaw, Waldie, Misses Heinman, Harwood, Kelly, Jarvis, Curtin, Mildrew, Wilkie, Wilson, Nicholls, Leslie, Little, Clark, Holden, D. Walker, Tarleton, Scheiller, McMorris, Hoar, Porteous, Woods, Scheibe, Winters, Lilla Brown, McFarlane, Brown, Dubois, Hunter, Hull, Horton, Chafor, Rogers, Taylor, D. Craney, Devlin, Hozack, Anderson, Laxton, McCormack, Kelly, Haskayne, Lyons, Bailey and Smith, Messrs. Alexander, R. J. Anderson, J. E. Armstrong, John Brown, F. Burgess, W. D. Brisbin, S. T. Britten, Bender, E. Burns, C. W. Baxter, Sergt. Boland, Stuart Bruce, C. Barwick, Chas. Campbell, F. Dean, Gus Dubois, Gus Dunn, Dug. McCaul, Chas. McNaught, C. J. McLellan, Wal. McArthur, MacLean, A. May, B. Muldrew, F. Monck, J. H. Nash, A. Nicholson, F. J. Owen, C. R. Palmer, Dr. J. W. Peaker, Will Porteous, W. H. Raymore, S. S. Searle, F. Dann, E. J. Evans, W. Edwards, W. H. Fox, J. G. Firth, J. S. Ferguson, J. J. Fox, L. Farwell, W. A. Gray, Geo. Greive, B. Grange, Thos. Gavin, W. Gardner, J. F. Gray, G. Hodge, Holden, Hoffman, Dr. H. D. Hinfman, W. R. Hoar, Wm. Hillam, B. Hulse, J. Hawthorne, R. H. Jarvis, P. J. Keating, Dr. F. H. Little, J. E. Laxton, G. Laidlaw, Geo. B. Leslie, Geo. J. Little, Art Lyons, J. F. McCaul, F. Southcott, T. Stevenson, T. Soole, S. Shaw, J. Shouldice, G. Scheibe, F. Weighart, M. J. Ward, Waldie, J. J. Walsh, J. Young, W. Young, C. Young, Gus Gryd, Cheeseworth, Fralick, Clegg and Jackson Little.

•

An interesting ceremony was performed on Monday afternoon, the 5th inst., at the residence of the bride, Victoria avenue, Hamilton, when the Rev. Canon Curran united in marriage Mrs. Lillie Secord (*nee* Myles) to Mr. Harry Davis of the Civil Service Department, one of Hamilton's most popular young men. The bride looked charming in an exquisite gown of cream brocaded satin with Watteau train and diamond ornaments, carrying a lovely bouquet of Marechal Neil roses. The pretty rooms were tastefully decorated with an abundance of choice flowers and exotics. Mr. W. Myles, the brother of the bride, gave her away, and on Mrs. Davis, sr., devolved the arduous duties of receiving the guests. Many friends were present from Toronto, as well as Chicago, Buffalo and other American cities. The happy couple left for a tour in the Eastern States amidst a shower of rice and the hearty good wishes of their many friends. The wedding gifts were simply lovely as well as numerous.

•

The chief topic of conversation in Montreal society is the approaching marriage of Miss Bay Small and Mr. Duncan McIntyre, junior, third son of the multi-millionaire. Miss Small has been known as the belle of the Windsor and is a lovely and accomplished young lady who has been educated in England, France and Germany and has enjoyed much European travel, although still very young. She is a great favorite in Montreal's best society, as is also her father, Mr. E. A. Small, one of the leading manufacturers of that city. Mrs. E. A. Small is a daughter of ex-Alderman Sherey, another of Montreal's wealthiest men, so the fair bride is likely to inherit many shekels, and it is a case of money marrying money, though there is much love therewith.

•

The Athenæum Cycling Club's ball, on January 6, promises to be a very stylish affair. It will be held under the patronage of the Lieut-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in the club house, those cosy quarters, which are becoming so well known as the perfection of hospitable welcome and enjoyment. Messrs. C. A. B. Brown, Alwyn Byron, J. T. Matthews, C. Pearson, J. P. Edwards, R. O. Snider, Wm. C. Meredith, J. Nichols, A. Thompson, W. N. Irwin, C. Riggs, J. J. Higgins, G. Brown and J. J. Halworth, whose names guarantee good management, are the committee in charge of affairs.

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The Amethyst Club hold their fourth At Home on Friday next, for which very *recherche* invitations have been issued.

•

Miss Florrie Allison entertained her little friends on Wednesday evening at her home on College street. She did the honors in a charming manner and the small guests much enjoyed her hospitality.

•

Cards are out for an At Home to be given by the Misses Hirst, at "The Elliott," on Friday of next week.

•

Miss Crawford's dance at 487 Huron street on Wednesday evening was a great success. A large number of young people were present. Mrs. Crawford wore a handsome black gown. Miss Crawford and Miss Katie Crawford were prettily dressed in cream. Among those present were: The Misses Scott, Eby, Eva and Dora Gooderham, Harold, Smart, Bostwick, Burgess, Livingstone, Barker, Catto, Phillips, Brodie, Brock, Smith and Hughes; Messrs. Ormiston, Cooper, Fairbairn, Fahey, Catto, Storrel, Morrison, Brock and Smith. A number of the Military College cadets were present in uniform.

•

Mrs. James Scott of Carlton street gave a very pleasant dance on Tuesday evening.

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Another dance on Tuesday evening was that of Miss Gooderham, of 592 Sherbourne street. This was a young people's dance and most enjoyable. Miss Gooderham wore a dainty white gown, and made a most charming hostess. Among the guests were: Misses Edna Lee, Mattie Lee, Wilkes, Catto, Sweetnam, Pearson, Eva Gooderham, Susie Ellis, Williams, P. Smith, Mamie Smith, Smart, K. Crawford, and Messrs. Arthur Sweatman, Catto, D. Smith, Fahey, Sweetnam, Burgess, Ramsay and others.

•

A number of dances are on the *tapis* for January.

•

The French Club will not meet this week.

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Week December 26

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Wednesday, December 28, 1892

AT 3 O'CLOCK, P.M.

When the annual statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.

JOHN A. TAYLOR, Secretary.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

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'Varsity Chat.

THE closing meeting of the Literary Society for the year 1892 was held Friday night of last week in the Y. M. C. A. hall. Despite the fact that many of the members had either gone home or were occupied elsewhere, a goodly number assembled to listen to the discussion on the relative merits of the Canadian and American Executive. Preceding this, however, was a reading by Mr. W. P. Reeve, of his clever three, act comedy upon 'Varsity life entitled, The Story of Josh Hoodlum and Amanda Jones. Mr. Levy then read an essay upon The Pleasures of Literature, which displayed much thought and preparation. The debate was then opened by Mr. F. D. Fry, who attacked most vehemently the constitution of the American executive. He called attention to the separation of powers under the American constitution which he claimed must result in weakness, and claimed for the Canadian executive a superiority in this and other respects. Mr. Shaw followed for the negative, claiming that the excellence of a constitution consisted in its efficiency in preventing bad government, and in this the American constitution was far in advance of the Canadian. Messrs. S. B. Woods and C. A. Moss also supported the negative, while Messrs. H. P. Biggar and B. A. C. Craig spoke for the affirmative. The decision of the chair was in favor of the affirmative. President De Lury wished everyone a merry Christmas and the meeting adjourned.

•

Lectures closed on Wednesday and are supposed to be resumed on January 5, 1893.

•

The evicted students were not successful in their "kicking" and they must go. They are not like the tenants in Ireland, of whom Michael Davitt in referring to them in a speech in Toronto said, "They won't and they won't go." Those obliged to leave residence because they are not undergraduates in arts have to pay up and then go. Who says Ireland is down-trodden?

•

Mr. F. W. Shipley, B.A., medalist in classics of the class of '92, has been appointed classical master in Collingwood Collegiate Institute. Mr. Shipley is an excellent classical scholar. I listened with pleasure to his Latin oration on commencement day. His influence will be felt in Collingwood, from the tower to the "den." My own first lesson in Greek was in the tower.

•

Mr. J. C. Sycamore has been elected president of the class of '95, McMaster University; Mr. R. Adam, vice-president, and Mr. J. B. Paterson, secretary.

•

Mr. and Mrs. H. Rushton Fairclough entertained the 'Varsity Guitar and Banjo Clubs at their residence on Harbord street one evening last week and a pleasant time was the result.

•

The phrase, "The best of the season," can well be applied to the public debate given by the Wycliffe College Literary Society on Friday evening of last week, with Rev. A. H. Baldwin in the chair. The solos by Miss Symonds and Mr. Fred W. Lee and the reading by Mr. H. N. Shaw were thoroughly appreciated. The debate on the resolution "That social discontent, and consequent irreligion, made it urgent that the clergy attempt the practical solution of the social problem," called for able speeches from Mr. N. I. Perry, B. A., and Mr. S. H. Gould for the affirmative, and Mr. F. J. Steen, M. A., and Mr. G. A. Rix for the negative. The chairman decided in favor of the affirmative. The debate was cleverly conducted indeed. After the debate the students held an oyster supper, and the various toasts brought forth racy after dinner speeches from Messrs. N. I. Perry, B. A., S. H. Gould, H. J. Cody, G. A. Rix, A. E. White, W. Bacon, B. A., P. E. McKenzie, A. P. Stringer, R. H. Murphy, E. J. Etherington, B. A., and Rev. T. Bryan.

•

The students of Queen's University, Kingston, as is their custom, ask all the colleges to send a representative to their conversat. this year. Among the invitations sent out was one to the McMaster men, and the following was the reply sent:

TORONTO, Dec. 9th, 1892.

"D. W. Best, secretary A. M. S., Queen's University, Kingston:

"DEAR SIR,—It was decided to-night at a meeting of our Literary Theological Society not to send a delegate to your conversazione of the 16th inst., as invited, because we fear a repetition of certain features of last year's programme which we feel that, as a Christian college, we cannot participate in, otherwise we should have been much pleased to have been represented.

"Thanking you for your courtesy, I remain faithfully, ROBERT ADAMS, Secretary of Literary Society of McMaster University."

The Kingston papers published this with scare headings to show that dancing was the objectionable feature referred to. This came under the notice of the McM'asterites, and after holding a mass meeting they telegraphed to Queen's as follows:

TORONTO, Dec. 15, 1892.

The Secretary Queen's College Literary Society:

Our society learned to-day for the first time of the terms of the reply to your invitation. We deeply regret its unfortunate misrepresentation of our feelings towards you. We have appointed Mr. B. W. N. Grigg to be present at your conversazione,

B. W. N. GRIGG, President.
ROBERT ADAMS, Secretary.

•

Mr. G. H. Locke, '93, represented Victoria at the Queen's "Conversat."

•

The Glee Club started out on its annual tour through the province on Tuesday of this week. The club includes: First tenor, Messrs. Taylor, L. Boyd, Bigelow, J. McIntosh, A. E. McLaughlin, F. Crosby; spare men, Campbell, Marr and Grant; second tenor, Faircloth, K. D. McMillan, F. W. Langley, Little, Pease, McConnel; spare men, Fielding, Davies and McCallum. First bass, L. A. Moore, Barker, N. M. Lash, D. G. Boyd, Eby, Knox, Carroll; spare men, N. Lash, Dunbar and Lashinger. Second bass, H. A. Moore, A. S. McKay, McAllister, Blythe, Roxborough, McCrae, Wilson; spare men, Fry, Speller and Wood.

Ethel (excitedly)—He has known me only two days and he put his arm around me.
Eva—You mean, I suppose, that he has known you two days and only put his arm around you.—*Life.*

Officers for the second year Political Science Association have been elected as follows: Prof. Mavor, president; Mr. J. M. McEvoy, B.A., LL.B., 1st vice-president; Mr. R. L. McKinnon, 2nd vice-president; Mr. T. H. Hilliier, secretary; Messrs. Clark, Brown and Hyland, councillors.

•

At the Mock Parliament among the items of the expense submitted by the Government, according to the official organ, were: Women's residence, $1,250,000; boodle for members of opposition, $1,000,000; for members of the Government side, $100,000 000. To meet these and numerous smaller items of expense it was proposed to levy a heavy tax on sophomore mustaches and freshman cheek, tax of 75 per cent. *ad valorem* on all members bringing ladies to public debates, etc. ADAM RUFUS.

Trinity Talk.

"My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night."

IT wouldn't have been so bad if the process had only lasted one night, but oh! just try to imagine six consecutive nights and as many weeks of preparation. "My limbs are bowed," and can you wonder! But why look back? They are finished—over—done. The Christmas exams. of 1892 are now a thing of the past. And a deep, long-drawn sigh of relief bursts forth from Trinity, and "Richard is himself again," and ere this appears we will be far away:

"Where the faculty cease from troubling
And the undergrad. can rest."

Owing to the rather unsatisfactory state of weather, of course nothing further could be done to the rink, and so the time has been filled in by cross country runs. Every afternoon the enthusiasts in this line have been donning their running togs, and speeding o'er the fields, and through the mud, and over the fences "of the land which lies due north." Each day the number has increased, and now it has only to be given the University colors, and behold a full-fledged Harrier club. It is to be hoped that next term will see this sport taken care of by the Committee on Athletics. The usefulness of such a club is quite obvious. The only way to get a thoroughly nice trained football team for next season is to build it up, not by a few weeks' severe training alone, but by a more gradual process, and nothing will aid this work more than a Harrier club or something of the sort.

•

At a special college meeting on Friday, December 16, it was decided by the men that a certain sum of money be raised by the undergraduates, the same to be contributed to the gymnasium fund. A special committee was appointed to attend to this matter, and every effort will be made to collect the amount so that it may be handed to the corporation by the close of next term.

•

And just here may I say one word to the graduates. Here at last you have a most favorable opportunity of showing in a most practical way your loyalty and devotion to your *Alma Mater*. Surely it must be the one wish of every college man to see his college colors floating triumphantly over all others in every sport which the universities of this country have adopted. That is the one great feeling among undergrads. and surely you who were our "grave, most potent and reverend seniors," who labored to bring us up in the way wherein we should go away back in the days of our freshman years, surely you are not content to be behind us in this respect. The various teams, in their respective seasons, are working, as, I venture to say, never teams at Trinity worked before, and now we turn to our graduates and ask their co-operation and just support. The demand is not a heavy one, simply that you will help as far as you are able, to swell the gymnasium fund.

•

The Dramatic Club are, I understand, making every preparation for the first performance, which is to be given on February 2 in one of the halls in the city. Several ladies in town have kindly consented to take part, and the prospects for a thoroughly successful entertainment are very bright. Probably the piece which will be presented will be Our Boys. The club will be assisted by members of the Guitar and Banjo Club. Of course the great event of the next term will be the "conversat." The various committees will be chosen at the commencement of the term, and plans are now being made and ideas suggested, whereby the "conversat." of 1893 may in no way fare behind those of former years.

•

By the way, how strange 1893 looks. How quickly time flies! It seems hardly yesterday since we came up here, we of the year of ——, and entered into the delights and mysteries of college life. The time sped on, and here we are in our turn, grave, most potent seniors, and soon comes graduation, the last Auld Lang Syne in the hall, the last cheers for faculty, buildings and teams, the last good-bye, and we go out into that great university, the world, enter, as freshmen, to begin in very earnest life's course, and the happy jolly days are but a thing only to be remembered, often with a queerish sort of feeling as we think of the old faces of friends tried and true, now perhaps scattered to every part of the globe, some of whom we may never see again. And in days to come other undergrads. will form the circle at midnight in the old hall and will sing Auld Lang Syne, and won't think of Auld Lang Syne a bit, but will actually call us "old chumps." And now we wish you a merry Xmas and a happy New Year, and for a time will say *au revoir*. RED AND BLACK.

Osgoode Hall Notes.

MR. Henry S. Williams, a cultured and educated creole from Port au Spain, Trinidad, is making application to be admitted to the Law Society and will attend the lectures at the Law School. Mr. Williams studied at the Queen's Royal College in his native island and is a graduate in arts of Cambridge University, England.

•

The Principal of the Law School, Mr. W. A. Reeve, Q. C., will not allow the students in the third year to sing before the lectures begin, for he fears the other years might attempt it and the torment would be too much.

•

What the effect the ladies who are to be lawyers will have on the school, those in the final class do not concern themselves much. They will be out in the wide, wide world ere the long robed ones will make their entrance.

•

At the meeting of the Legal and Literary Society on Saturday last. President R. A. Grant reported that in conference with a number of the benchers he had learned that they were willing to set apart a room in this building for a general reading-room to be at the disposal of the students. A committee of the benchers had also been appointed to report on the cost of furnishing the top story in the Law School for a general assembly room or a gymnasium, no definite action being yet decided upon. Mr. W. Brydone was appointed curator of the new reading-room, and it is expected that by the beginning of the New Year copies of the daily and other papers of a serious and comic character will be on tyle. The subject for debate, Resolved that history should be placed upon the curriculum of the Law School, was argued by Mr. Alexander Smith for the affirmative and Mr. W. M. McClement for the negative. President Grant summed up the arguments and agreed with the affirmative in holding that the study of history was an admirable assistance to lawyers both in their profession and as citizens. He thought, however, that there was enough on the curriculum at present and decided in favor of the negative. The next meeting will be held on January 14, 1893.

•

The At Home will take place on January 20. Active preparations are being made for this event, which promises to be a great social success.

Reforming a Parrot.

A Pittsburgher who spent a part of last summer in England tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of a parish in Penzance.

A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot, which somehow acquired the disagreeable habit of observing, at frequent intervals:

"I wish the old lady would die."

This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it.

"I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours."

The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other the bad bird remarked:

"I wish the old lady would die."

Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added:

"We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"

The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

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Art and Artists.

USUALLY I mentioned in a recent issue, Mr. E. Wyley Grier's reception and exhibition at his studio in the Canada Life Building on December 1, but the crowded state of the rooms prevented me from obtaining a satisfactory view of the pictures. A subsequent visit has more than made for my previous disappointment. In my first glance round the room I was greatly struck by the artistic arrangement of the pictures; not only was each placed with a view to obtain the best light available, but also the most complete harmony in the whole. Amongst the portraits on view were those of Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Ed. Blake, Miss Aimes Kingston of Montreal, Miss Mabel Cawthra and the Portrait of a Physician; these last two gained admittance to the Royal Academy in 1890 and '92 respectively, both were hung on the portrait line, the first named in the center. Underneath the picture of The Fates, exhibited in Toronto at the last exhibition of the O. S. A., was a sweet little girl's face cushioned in a big sunbonnet which seemed to smile at the onlooker from the canvas; a striking portrait of Mr. S. Blake, jun., was also on exhibition. Although Mr. Grier is best known in Canada as a portrait painter, his claims to recognition as an artist do not depend solely on his success in that branch of art. In 1884 he gained admittance to the Salon with a bas relief, Suspense; in 1885 An Amateur was hung on the portrait line in the Royal Academy, followed in 1889 by a landscape, Bereft; this picture is the artist's best effort and gained for him a place of honor and a gold medal in the Salon of 1890. It displayed his originality of conception and great skill of execution; the same year Mr. Grier scored a double success at the Royal Academy with A Difficult Passage, which was hung on the line and sold immediately, and the Portrait of a Physician, which I mentioned above.

*

One feels almost at home in *La Belle* Paris at Mr. Bell-Smith's studio, there are so many delightful water color's from the environments of that metropolis. Here is Notre Dame Cathedral, with her magnificent facade, flying buttresses, and lofty towers rising like mighty sentinels ever on the watch for the good of the commonwealth. You leave this picture with regret, it is so beautiful and harmonious in its coloring, and pass on to one of the Luxembourg Palace, formerly the residence of Mary de Medici, in the center of the Luxembourg Gardens, whose conservatories are rich in rare exotic plants which are used for the decoration of the public gardens during *fete* days. The crowds, the happy children feeding the swans, are all here well grouped and vigorously painted. Across the studio is a splendid water-color of The Palace of the Legion of Honor that fronts the river Seine, opposite the Pont de la Concorde. The building is of the time of Louis XIV., and charming in exterior. Beside this is a picture of the Garden of the Tuilleries, situated in the heart of Paris, laid out as a public pleasure ground, and planted with chestnut and lindens, with many playing fountains and statues from the antique. The crowded boulevards, the avenue of trees, the exotic plants make one love Paris the more. Then there comes Pont Neuf, below which stands a statue of Henry IV., the people's king. You leave Paris, cross into Holland and come to A Field of Clover in a low stretch of flat country of Dijklands—the town in the distance, the cloudy sky, the deep shadows across the plain and the sweet clover blossoms are all fine in color and strongly painted. On the next wall your attention is attracted to a bold water color of The Market Place, Rotterdam. It is the first Tuesday after Pentecost, when the children are given a holiday. They are dressed in different colored frocks and seem to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, showing by the clever way the grouping is handled that the artist looked wholly on the bright side of the little revelry, there being no mendicants to share the children's pleasure or gain their pity. Underneath is a picture that waftsyou across the channel to the Thames Embankment, Cleopatra's Needle and Westminster in the distance, the many plying barges, tugs and lighters giving it an air of activity which is rarely seen in a picture. By this time it is evening in Hyde Park Corner with old Sol just sinking to rest below the horizon. This picture is soft and mellow, and should be hung in a very much better light in the studio to be fully appreciated. Then there is Old London Bridge and the Parliament Houses in a halo of smoky realism, with Atlantic merchantmen moored to their wharves and puffing steam as if angry at being fettered or rejoicing in the anticipation of regaining their liberty. It is one of the best in the collection, and I saw the old bridge nailed to a seedy-looking drawing-board, and pushed out of sight in a dark corner that suggested to my mind that none should see it until it was framed; but the work really ennobles the material, not material the work. Mr. Bell-Smith's pictures from the Mother Country should be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. They are all good in drawing and composition, soft in color, careful as to subject and detail, and worthy places of honor in any collection of native art works. Those who have been abroad will readily recognize old friends that will bring up many pleasant memories and recollections of their flying visits to the art centers of the world.

*

The artist dips his brush in nature's wells,
And on the everlasting canvas tells
Poems of glory;
A world of dreams, imagines divine,
Every contour grace, grandeur every line,
The oft told story.

*

These gems are dreamed away from man's cruel stare,
And painted in a garret, chill and bare,
There's where one finds—
Entombed, because the critics of the day
Have naught for them until they're passed away—
The master minds.

*

I was in Mr. Staple's jolly little studio the other day and saw the most ambitious picture this artist has yet painted, for the coming exhibition of the O. S. A. The composition is good, drawing clever, handling broad, and the oxen with a loaded stone boat and driver in the foreground are admirably placed. Behind them are gnarled apple trees and a long stretch of open country, that runs to the base of Hunter Mountain, which is gray and purplish in the distance, with dense masses of foliage tipped by the sun which is only seen in the vivid lights and lengthened shadows. The work would be materially enhanced by being longer and in having a little more sky. The title, I understand, is The Last Load.

*

Mr. Biehn has just completed an interior study of a house belonging to the old colored man known as General Butler. The clocks, bric-a-brac, odds and ends, papers, are well drawn, and the old man's likeness capital, but it would be much improved if the high lights were not so scattered and the key of color not so cold.

*

Mr. J. Sharpe is busy modeling a bust of J. Anderson, president of the Anderson Trading Company.

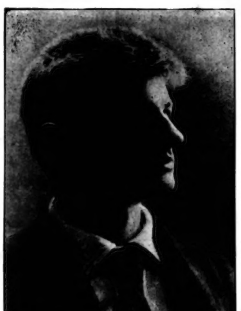
*

The proverbial barefooted small boy, seated on a box among loose straw, is Mr. J. M. Kidds' last picture and probably his best. VAN.

Past vs. Future.

Miss Passy—I dread to think of my thirtieth birthday.
Miss Badd—Why, what happened?—*Puck.*

New Books and Magazines.



BLISS CARMEN.

The above is an excellent picture of Bliss Carmen, the young Canadian poet, now in New York, whose poem, The Yule Guest, in last month's *Cosmopolitan* is attracting so much attention.

*

Two Knapsacks, a story of Canadian Summer Life, by J. Cawdor Bell, has just been issued in paper and cloth by Williamson & Co., Toronto. This is the story which has been running for some time in the columns of *The Week*, and it has a lively local interest for Ontarians. The story is based upon a holiday tramp through the country, beginning by the shores of Lake Simcoe and undertaken by two young Toronto men. One, Mr. Coristine, is a lawyer; the other, Mr. Wilkinson, a teacher, pretty well up in the public schools of the Queen City. Both are doing very well financially, though neither has any superfluity of means. They agree, however, in a pronounced aversion to the fair sex, whom for years they have looked upon as being, metaphorically, roaring lions traveling through society seeking helpless bachelors whom they may devour. Consequently, when the question of a summer vacation comes up, the mutual sentiment is a desire to get away from large towns and social centers and out into the forests and fields, in order to revel in the solitary beauties of nature. Wilkinson is addicted to botany, literature and the poets, while Coristine is a jolly, rollicking, witty Irishman, enjoying a tramp and anything tinged with adventure and change. On the way to Lefroy, whence they intend to strike into the country on foot, they hear of the presence of two girls who know them by name, and with one of whom Wilkinson is slightly acquainted. Upon this the whole story turns. They avoid them upon this occasion by rushing to the smoking car, but all through the narrative, whether it be on Lake Simcoe in a crazy craft, with a captain and one man whom the tourists denominate "The Crew," in the woods of Muskoka or on the level roads and in the pleasant farm-houses of other parts of Ontario, they are sure to meet relatives, friends or enemies of these two girls, and occasionally the girls themselves. The opinion seems general that J. Cawdor Bell is an assumed name, and considerable guessing has been indulged in by those who admire the story as to the identity of the writer.

*

The Brantford *Expositor* issued a very creditable Christmas number this year. It contains portraits of all the leading business men and society ladies of the town, and both for its artistic features and well chosen contents will be highly prized by the people of the town and county. REVIEWER.

All Hands Satisfied.

"I saw a funny thing on a C. and O. train going from Maysville to Cincinnati last week,' said the drummer, with a chuckle that whetted the appetite of his listeners. "Sitting right in front of me was a tall Kentuckian with a rattling pretty girl beside him, evidently his newly made wife, and it was plain that he was proud of her. Across the car from them sat another couple who had come on at Maysville, evidently from the Ohio side of the river. The man was not at all bad-looking, but the woman with him had a face on her that would scare a sitting hen off her nest. It didn't take the man long to notice the pretty woman across the car, and then he fairly feasted his eyes on her. He sat facing her, and she couldn't get out of reach of his gaze, and at last it began to embarrass her.

"'George,' she finally said to her husband, 'that man across the car annoys me.'

"'How, darling?' and George, utterly oblivious of everything else except her until then, looked fierce.

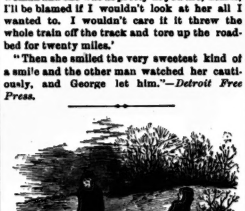
"'By staring at me all the time.'

"'Wait a minute,' said George, and he began watching the offender.

"It was evident that the man was in no sense a masher, for when he saw the pretty woman's escort eyeing him he turned his face towards the homely woman with him. George watched for five minutes, and during that time he also observed the homely lady. Then he once more turned to his own charmer.

"'It's all right, darling,' he said, 'and I won't interfere with his looking at you all he wants to. If you were as homely as that woman and she was as pretty as you are, dearie, I'll be blamed if I wouldn't look at her all I wanted to. I wouldn't care it it threw the whole train off the track and tore up the roadbed for twenty miles.'

"Then she smiled the very sweetest kind of a smile and the other man watched her cautiously, and George let him."—*Detroit Free Press.*



"Hallo, Mike; whose valentine is you a cuttin' on the ice?"

"Ah! go 'way an' don't bother me. Ain't yer aware that there is sacred moments when a man wants ter be by hisself?"—*Life.*

A Race That is Always Drunk

"Did you know that there is an entire race of people who are never sober?" asked Capt. William P. Gaines. "Well, it's a fact. There is in the world to-day an entire race of people who regard sobriety as a calamity and drunkenness as the acme of bliss. These people are called the Ainu, and inhabit the northern islands of Japan. They were the aborigines of Japan, but were crowded northward by the present inhabitants until they have reached "the jumping-off place," much as our Indians have been driven into the setting sun by the aggressive white man. And they are jumping off, too, at an alarming rate. They must have numbered several millions at one time, but now cannot count 20,000.

"They are a small, hairy, half-civilized people of a low order of intelligence and the filthiest on the face of the earth. The Japs. believe that cleanliness is cousin-german to godliness, and are always paddling in the water, but the Ainu never bathe. At bear feasts and funerals they make a pretense of washing hands and face, but not a drop of water touches their bodies except by accident. They have a drink called sake. It is enough to cure an American of dipsomania, but it makes one drunk, and is swallowed by the Ainu in enormous quantities. Men, women and children appear to be always drunk. I paid them several visits while coasting in the Eastern seas, and I never saw a member of the race who could be accused of being reasonably sober."—*From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

His Part.

Briggs—That was a nice thing that young Fiddleback fell into, wasn't it? The father of the girl he is going to marry gives them a house and lot, and her mother furnishes all her clothes, besides giving her an income.

Griggs—What does Fiddleback do?

Briggs—I understand that he is going to buy his own cigarettes.

A Draco Come to Judgment.

Moriarity—Sure, yure 'Annah, d the Ditchman tried to pull d the wheel off o' me wid his beer wagon, an' I up wid one o' me cart rungs an' let drive at him. Thin, whin dth' beggar wouldn't give me back the shtick, Oi held to his horses heads for security!

JUDGE YEWNO—Restore the cart-rung to owner! five dollars fine for reckless driving on one hand, and five dollars fine for attempted assault on the other!

His Eloquence.

"Yes, sah," said the barber as he played a reveille on the strop with his razor blade, "some bahbahs may be jus' as good as others, on'y they don't suit some men. You see it's a question of pussonal magnitude; a bahbah may not be of the right temperature to suit a customer."

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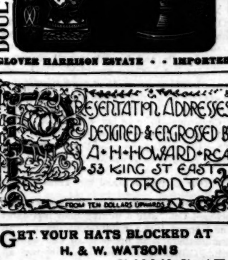

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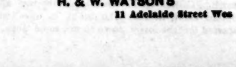

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Peterby's Stormy Christmas.

LAST year the Peterby family had a Christmas tree, as usual. Mrs. Peterby is a very clever woman, hence the expense for the tree was very light. Of course, she did not use the same tree that had done duty on previous Christmases, but all the ornaments were the same ones that had gladdened the hearts of all the children from the oldest down. As soon as the joyous season was over, Mrs. Peterby stripped the tree and packed the ornaments away for future use.

On Christmas Eve the entire family was excluded from the parlor until the presents were all arranged on the tree, then she called the family into the parlor with a grand flourish.

The eldest son, Frank, got a magnificently bound book, Milton's Paradise Lost. The boy was delighted. There were tears of gratitude in his eyes as he thanked his kind mother for her beautiful present.

"This is the very thing I have been waiting for for years," he exclaimed. "What magnificent illustrations! How true it is that a boy has got no friend like his mother!"

He was about to examine the pictures more critically, when Mrs. Peterby wrenched the book from his hand, asking with amazement:

"My son, have you lost your senses?"

"I guess not, mother; what do you mean?"

"What do you mean by trying to ruin that costly book by looking at it?"

"Why, mother, don't you expect me to read it?"

"Expect you to read it!" replied Mrs. Peterby, with a wild snort of amazement. "Of course not. It remains on the center-table, and if any of you children dare to lay a finger on it I'll skin you alive. D'ye hear! The blinding of the book matches our wall paper so nicely. That's why I bought it. Laura, where are you going with your new Christmas present?"

"I was going over to Uncle Tom's house to show his folks what a beautiful present I've got."

"Laura Peterby!" said Mrs. Peterby, fixing her eagle glance on the unfortunate girl, who hung her head and cowered before the impending storm, "are you going to sneak out of the house with that beautiful dollar and a quarter umbrella, and expose it to the elements?"

"But, mamma, it's raining."

"Of course it's raining. Is that the kind of weather to which you would expose a costly new umbrella that has been given you as a token of esteem and affection! Is that the kind of a loving daughter you are? If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed you capable of such base ingratitude. Shame on you! You are no longer a child of mine. Put that new umbrella back in the corner. Why do you seek to mar the happiness of the joyous and solemn anniversary by such diabolism!"

Jim Peterby, one of the younger sons, had been thrown into a spasm of delight at having captured a valuable note-book and pencil, but he was somewhat depressed when his mother explained that the new note-book would make a very appropriate present for one of his cousins, whose birthday would occur at an early day. She took the book from the boy and locked it up in a bureau drawer.

"Is there any relative of yours going to have a birthday pretty soon?" asked Judge Peterby.

"Why do you ask?" she snorted in reply.

"O, nothing; except if this smoker's set belongs to me and it is not to be used as a birthday present for any outsider, I'll make it useful," and he knocked the ashes off the end of his cigar into the receptacle intended for the ashes.

A wild shriek of despair, a wail of suppressed agony, startled the people passing on the street.

"That's to go on the mantel-piece. You sha'n't ruin it with the ashes from your cigar while I am in this house and in my usual health. The ashes will discolor the gilding. Do you think that I have got nothing to do every day of my life except to clean up after you?"

Judge Peterby subsided with calmness. At last he ventured to suggest that the wine and cake be utilized in dispelling the gloom that was becoming dense and impenetrable every minute.

"Am I a matron of a private insane asylum?" she asked, "or the head of a family of reasonable human beings? Do you really want to gorge yourself with the cake and guzzle the wine that is dedicated to New Year's callers? Tommy, that pair of shoes is for Sunday when the weather is fine. Take them off, I say."

"I don't see why we celebrate Christmas at all, if the presents are——" said Judge Peterby.

He paused. She was gazing at him.

"Did you say we haven't had a splendid Christmas?" she asked.

"No; but——"

"Didn't you want a smoker's set, and hasn't Frank been worrying me to death for Milton's Paradise Lost, and hasn't Laura been wishing for an umbrella, and haven't you all got what you want? and yet you are kicking! A poor woman can moil and toil and work herself into her grave, and all the thanks she gets is sneers and growls. You are always doing something on Christmas to mar my happiness, and I sometimes wish it never came——"

Then the whole party relapsed into silent joy.
—*Alex. E. Sweet in Texas Siftings.*

How Collins Worked the Thieves.

"That reminds me of a fellow I knew out at Durango, Col.," said a mining man last night as he dropped into a reminiscent mood. "In Durango there is an upper town and a lower town. Collins—that was his name—was an opium fiend, and on the night in question started for the lower town to get some 'dope.' He had something like $450 on his person. The way was lonely and dark, and it was not long before he saw a couple of fellows step out in front of him.

"'Throw up your hands,' was the order to Collins, and up they went like a shot. He comprehended the situation at a glance, and to the surprise of the foot-pads burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"'What's the matter!' they asked.

"Why, fellows,' said he, 'I'll tell you what's the matter. I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday, and all I have to say is, that if there is anything to be made on this little job I would like to be in it with you fellows.' Continuing he said: 'Search me if you want to, and if you don't find anything, why, give me a hand at the game.'

"Collins' little trick worked to a charm. 'Oh, we won't search you,' was the reply he received; 'go ahead and get something to eat. Here's four bits, and my pard here will give you another four bits.'"

So Collins went on to lower town richer than when he started.—*Chicago Mail.*

A Comparison of Nasal Capacity.

She—No, I'm not sick, but I think the awful smell of burnt grease from the engines will finish me before the voyage is over.

He—It is an awful smell, but if we find it so disagreeable what must be the sensations of our neighbor?

Nestlé's Food

For Baby's Christmas Dinner

Baby must have his Christmas dinner, even though he cannot sit up to the table with the rest. The menu need not be elaborate; he would hardly appreciate it. Give him a bottle and a half a pint of Nestle's Milk Food served hot, and who will say he is not having as jolly a meal as his elders—with less risk of indigestion afterwards?

A sample tin of Nestle's Food and our book "The Baby," will be sent to anyone on receipt of address.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

McKEGGIE—Dec. 15, Mrs. J. H McKeggie—a daughter.
BODDINGTON — Dec. 17, Mrs. W. E. Boddington—a daughter.
FREELAND—Dec. 17, Mrs. Edward Freeland—a daughter.
GARDE—Dec. 14, Mrs. F. C. Garde—a daughter.
McINTOSH—Dec. 16, Mrs. James McIntosh—a daughter.
FURVIS—Dec 13, Mrs. Arthur Furvis—a daughter.
HUNTER—Dec. 15, Mrs. Chris Z. Hunter—a daughter.
McCRACKEN—Dec. 15, Mrs. James McCracken—a daughter.
McGLASHEN—Dec. 16, Mrs. C. McGlashen—a daughter.
HORSEY—Dec. 7, Mrs. E. H. Horsey—twin daughters.
KELLY—On December 10, the wife of B. Kelly, Smith's Falls, of a daughter.

Marriages.

ADAMSON—ROSE—On Wednesday, December 21, Fred Grant Adamson, Toronto, to Annie Bella Rose, Toronto.
WATERS—GRAY—Dec. 14, G. W. Waters to Minnie J. Gray.
MOLSON—WILSON—Dec. 17, John Dinham Molson to Mary Georgie Wilson.
DOUGLAS—JACKSON—Dec. 10, Richard Y. Douglas to Bessie Jackson.
CLEMENS—WEAVER—Dec. 14, M. B. Clemens to Phoebe Weaver.

Deaths.

ROBB—Dec. 15, Charles C. Robb.
GRIFFITHS—Dec. 16, Mrs. John Griffiths.
WILEY—Dec., Ina Wiley, aged 14.
CHANTLER—Dec. 13, John Chantler, aged 78.
HARE—Dec. 19, John Hare.
HUNTER—Dec. 19 Isabella Hunter, aged 40.
KENNEDY—Dec. 18, Mary Kennedy, aged 63.
MILLIGAN—Dec. 18, Thomas C. Milligan, aged 32.
MERRITT—Dec 5 Dr. Joseph A. Merritt, aged 74.
PIM—Dec. 7, Hannah Pim, aged 87.
SCADDING—December 19, Charles Scadding, aged 46.
SIEVERT—Dec. 19, George Arthur Sievert, aged 27.
CULLEN—Dec. 18, Mary Ann Cullen.
DUNNING—Dec. 17, J. P. Dunning, aged 52.
HARRIS—Dec. 17, Richard G. Harris, aged 11.
HARDING—Dec. 18, Caroline Harding, aged 54.
RIDDELL—Dec. 16, Joseph Riddell.
BYRNE—Dec. 13, Martin Byrne, aged 58.
SNEATH—Dec. 15, George Edward Sneath, aged 41.
McCOLL—Dec. 18, Mary Buchanan McColl, aged 88.
ELDRIDGE—Dec. 19, Henry Eldridge, aged 46.
RUTHERFORD—Dec. 19, James Rutherford, aged 73.

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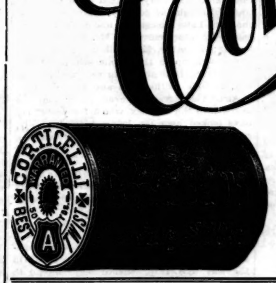

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